THE AMERICAN WEST

January/February 1961

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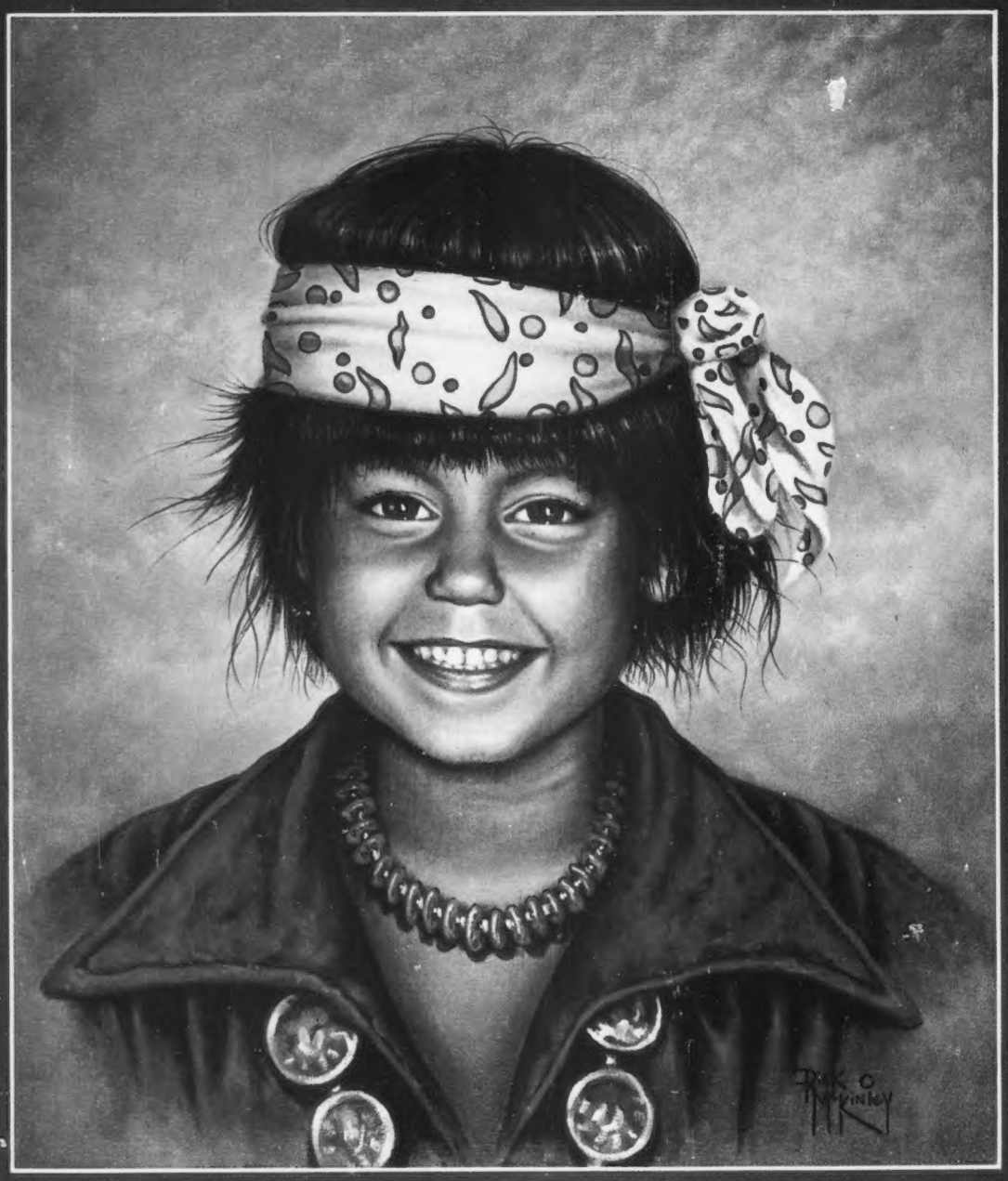

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THE
AMERICAN WEST

Cover

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Hopi Snake Dance, 1897
Oil on canvas
by Cornelia Cassady Davis

Cornelia Cassady Davis (1870–1920) made one trip to western America lasting less than two years. During those months, she and her husband lived in remote areas of New Mexico and Arizona among the Indian inhabitants. A Cincinnati artist, she studied under John Noble and Frank Duveneck at the Cincinnati Academy of Art for four years before serving as an instructor from 1891 to 1897. Very little is known of Davis's work other than various portraits painted throughout her career. *Hopi Snake Dance* is certainly one of her major efforts. This canvas was one that she was willing to sell, and later, in 1912, Davis became distraught because the Santa Fe Railroad had not attempted to sell the painting but seemed content to let it hang in El Tovar Hotel at the Grand Canyon. Davis attempted to persuade the Arizona legislature to purchase *Hopi Snake Dance,* but she was unsuccessful. This is unfortunate for the people of Arizona, as Davis's composition is among the finest to document this unique ceremony of the Hopi.

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Editor's Notes

Growth and change for a magazine are no less painful than for an individual. But the alternative—stagnation—is the single most common cause of death in the case of magazines, and a certain cause of boredom for individuals.

By this third issue published under the direction of the new staff of editors of THE AMERICAN WEST in Tucson, Arizona, it is evident that we're changing and growing. It's equally evident that this process is sometimes painful, as attest some of the letters we've received from concerned readers.

Fortunately, we're also receiving encouraging letters from other readers while at the same time thousands of new subscribers are expressing their interest in our new approach to the Old West by subscribing to the magazine and giving it as gifts to hundreds of friends and relatives.

We're not so thick skinned as to be insensitive to the opinions of readers who think some of our new directions are misguided, and we do carefully consider every criticism. Neither are we so sure of ourselves as not to appreciate those letters from readers who share our pleasure and excitement in finding new facets of the West to explore in the pages of THE AMERICAN WEST.

And, of course, we're most grateful to our new subscribers as well as to our new advertisers. THE AMERICAN WEST is proving itself a survivor—after all, the West was won by survivors—and we're proud of our effort and your response to it. We have no intention of being boring, even at the risk of taking a few chances, departing from a few traditions.

The editors are especially excited about the contents of this issue, from the spectacular "Visitors to Arizona" color pictorial to our history of cowboy boots. For the latter story we sent writer Mike Wallis and photographer Terrence Moore on a thousand-mile odyssey through Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and on down to Texas—the original birthplace of the cowboy boot.

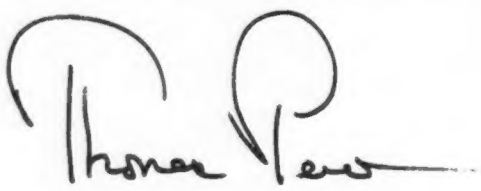
We were fascinated to discover that the cowboy boot is a tool of the West that was actually invented by one man and that many of those early cobblers who handcrafted boots to order (and a few who still do the same) treated their art as a kind of sacred trust. But to say more would spoil the reader's fun in discovering Wallis's article for himself.

Our point in dwelling on this at length is that we have many more articles planned for THE AMERICAN WEST about people, places, and events that really put the West on the map or, as in the case of cowboy boots, up on the back of a horse.

The most lively, realistic way of going about providing such stories for our mutual interest is to find good writers and skillful photographers like Wallis and Moore and provide them with the time to take those trips through the West to find, talk to, and photograph the people who made the West what it was . . . what it is.

At the same time, of course, we're interested in what the West looked like to visitors to Arizona (and to other states of the West) in another time. We're amused at what it looked like to Oscar Wilde, for instance, and what Wilde looked like to the westerners of his day. As to our Wilde story in this issue, we take particular delight in the image of the effete Wilde drinking a bunch of tough Colorado miners under the tables of a rough saloon and being instantly accepted in spite of his sunflower and knickers.

Stealing a final line from Wilde, we guess we'd have to concur that in the pages of THE AMERICAN WEST we have no intention of allowing consistency to be the last refuge of the unimaginative.



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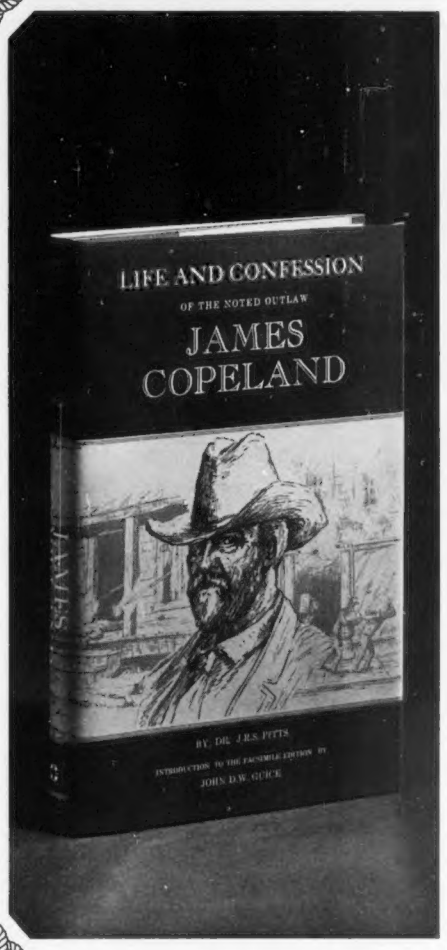

Life and Confession of James Copeland

By J.R.S. Pitts

A FACSIMILE OF THE 1909 EDITION

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN D.W. GUICE

In the annals of American outlaws the name of one who was considered to be among the most villainous and most notorious in his own day may have been overlooked in ours. He is James Copeland, and his criminal deeds and murderous intentions made his name a household word in the 1830s and 1840s from Mobile Bay to Lake Pontchartrain. This facsimile edition provides facts and legends about a major American outlaw, too long neglected by the annalists.

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Letters

Dear Mr. Pew:

I am delighted to have reached the end of my term on the editorial board of THE AMERICAN WEST, just as I was delighted to assume that post some years ago. The experience has been a pleasant one, without too much work, and with a great deal of satisfaction as the journal took shape and became important in its field.

Let me take this opportunity, too, to say that I am impressed and delighted with the manner in which you have taken hold as publisher. The last issue bore the stamp of your personality and your ideas—much to its benefit. I look for more indications, and I am sure that they will all be as excellent as these. Keep up the good work.

As one concerned with the beginnings of THE AMERICAN WEST (Father Bannon and I signed the original contract and more or less presided at the birth rites), I am deeply concerned that it continue to prosper and to benefit the Western History Association. Without its attractive powers, I am afraid that many of the "buffs" who make up about half the membership would be less intrigued. So it is that I have viewed with alarm the recent changes in publishers, and cheered with delight when you took over. We need someone of your youth and enthusiasm to take over, and dedicate yourself to its success. I am confident that you will succeed.

So I sever my official connections with hearty wishes for your success. I am confident that you will produce a journal of which we all can be proud.

Sincerely,
Ray A. Billington
Huntington Library
San Marino, Calif.

Dear Mr. Pew:

While I realize that every new editor must be given time to determine what format and approach works for THE AMERICAN WEST, I want to express my personal opinion that you are headed in the wrong direction. The magazine has in the past been a reliable journal of history and culture of the West; you appear to be trying to make it a magazine of opinion and contemporary journalism. Nor do the new graphics you have introduced compare favorably with the former policy of using only authentic visuals such as photographs or paintings made by artists who saw first-hand what they painted. It appears that you are trying to package the West for the same audience that buys the mindless urban magazines that have cropped up everywhere.

For years THE AMERICAN WEST has filled a role in the serious investigation of our visual heritage that *The Western History Quarterly* does not address. I hope you do not change that role or undermine the credibility of the magazine with its new look or shallow articles. I hope you do not desert the old and loyal audience you have inherited in your (necessary, I realize) search for a new and larger audience.

Sincerely yours,
Ron Tyler
Amon Carter Museum
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the last issue. Pictures, articles, everything was superb.

Cordially,
Wilbur R. Jacobs
Univ. of California
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Ms. Reid-Bills:

I read with interest the statement of editorial policy written by Mr. Pew in the September/October issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. I was particularly struck with his statement that he would like to see the magazine turn more toward the "living history" of the American West than has heretofore been the case. I was further impressed with Mr. Pew's article on Boley, Oklahoma, in the magazine's November/December issue, which indicated to me that Mr. Pew seriously meant to live up to what he had

Continued on page 17

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Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a non-profit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum, whose permanent exhibit hall was completed in 1980, records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to THE AMERICAN WEST published six times a year and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$25, Family—$50, Sponsor—$100, Sustaining—$500, and Benefactor—$1,000. Donations are tax deductible and should be sent to Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

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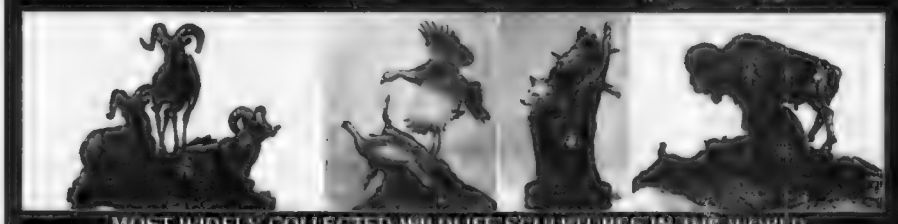

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Western Lookout

Underwater Relics. Lake Powell, which stores Colorado River water for use in several states, is also the unfortunate resting place for a sacred Navajo shrine. Last year, efforts by the tribe to have the level of the lake lowered proved to be of no avail. The Tenth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the need for water storage in the lake outweighed the Indians' interest in preserving tribal relics. The shrine still lies underwater, its place marked above by the 309-foot-high sandstone arch known as Rainbow Bridge.

Duck Calling Championship. Many who celebrated Thanksgiving in Stuttgart, Arkansas, had ducks not turkeys on their minds. The Forty-fifth Annual World Duck Calling Championship involved six days of festivities, beginning with a beauty pageant and the ritual crowning of Queen Mallard. About fifteen former world champion duck callers showed up in Stuttgart for the Champion of Champions Contest, November 29. With these experts on hand, it is possible that some real Arkansas ducks called back.

Homework in Preservation. For four years a public school in South Dakota's Black Hills has been drawing construction workers and others into careers in historic restoration. Aided by federal grants, the Historic Preservation and Building Renovation Program at Western Dakota Vo-Tech Institute develops preservation artisans able to help save some of the state's historic sites. Students in the degree program have already restored a stone barracks at Fort Mead, a storefront in Hot Springs, and a hatchery in Spearfish.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Pounding Hooves and Helicopter Wings

Wild horses running free have long symbolized the untamed West of the past. In this striking photograph, the Old West of Russell and Remington meets the new; sleek-bodied horses stampede through the brush with modern technology at their tails.

Last September the Bureau of Land Management staged a helicopter roundup to ease a section of crowded range in western Idaho. More than four hundred wild horses had been grazing on a 135,000 acre tract in Owyhee County—land shared by livestock and capable, in the Bureau's opinion, of supporting only one-fourth that many horses. About thirty-four horses were rounded up in one day, as the siren-equipped helicopter flew over the barren range searching for stallions in bands with their mares and colts. A corral disguised by sagebrush had been readied to receive the stampeding horses.

Corraling the animals, however, was only the first step in handling Owyhee County's wild-horse surplus. From the corral the horses were taken by stock truck to county fairgrounds twenty miles away. An Adopt a Horse Program set up by the Bureau gave the captured animals free to anyone willing to care for them. Not everyone wanting a horse was satisfied, however. Eight hundred and twenty-seven applications were received for fewer than two hundred-fifty horses. As demand centered on young horses less than three years of age, unadopted older animals were returned to their former home. It seems that on the range where the deer and antelope used to play, wild horses are roaming still.

Little Big Horn. Works that depict Indian life between 1830 and 1860 will be the focus of a show opening February 14 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Intended to give a fresh perspective on the art of the Old West, "On The Way To Little Big Horn" includes paintings by George Catlin, Peter Rindisbacher, Charles B. King, Alfred J. Miller, and Paul Kane.

Working Women. On the frontier a woman's work was never done. That's the message of an exhibit at the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson which focuses on a century of women's chores. Featuring house dresses and workaday artifacts from the 1820s to the 1930s, the show uses old-fashioned-looking mannequins to demonstrate tasks such as using a washtub, seeding cherries, and setting the table. Children's frocks are also on display through February.

Palace of 1610. The oldest continuously occupied building in the United States has had an impressive face lift. The 370-year-old Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe was the focus of a complicated restoration project which involved everything from the bracing of deteriorated adobe foundations to the matching of wall fabrics. The work on eleven rooms and two hallways recently won an award from the American Society of Interior Designers. Now part of the Museum of New Mexico, the Palace served as office and residence for governors under Spanish, Mexican, and U.S. territorial flags until 1909.

Hawaiian History. Now on exhibit at the Denver Art Museum, "Hawai'i: The Royal Isles" presents an in-depth view of Hawaii's ancient culture. More than three hundred objects are displayed including representations of revered spirits and royal ceremonial pieces such as the cloak of Kamehameha the Great made from thousands of exotic feathers. Art stemming from Captain James Cook's discovery of the islands in 1778 and the arrival of the first missionaries in 1820 is also part of the show. "Hawai'i: The Royal Isles" will travel to other western museums after closing in Denver January 18.

Funds for Photographs. One of the largest planning grants ever awarded by the National Endowment for the Humanities has been given to a photography project entitled "Multiple Perspectives on the American West" at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. The $83,413 will be used to bring a variety of scholars to the UWM campus to study the American Geographical Society Collection of nineteenth-century western photographs. Said project director John Lloyd Taylor, "We don't propose to rewrite history, but to go back into time, unlock the mysteries of the past, and enrich our knowledge of the West as it was and is."

Texas Bloodsuckers. Hurricane Allen's toll on Texas last summer was more than flooded basements and fallen trees. Health officials have linked swarms of cattle-killing mosquitoes to sudden pockets of salt water left by Allen's high tides. Waiting for salt water to hatch, the eggs of salt-marsh mosquitoes can remain dormant for up to twenty years. Forty cows died from severe blood loss on one farm in the coastal town of Brazoria. "We've had mosquitoes before," said the owner of the cattle, "but we've never had a siege like this.

Hunting Buffalo. It may come as a surprise but there was a buffalo hunting season last year: November 1 through 18 in a 1,500-square-mile region of southeastern Utah. The buffalo harvest near Price has been an annual affair, but game managers report that the state's buffalo population is a healthy 200, nourished by the birth of numerous calves every spring. Twenty-seven licenses were issued in the past season (fifty applications received for each one), and no one was given a license who had ever had one before. Weighing at least a ton, a buffalo makes a cumbersome prize. And with licenses costing $200 for state residents and $1,000 for nonresidents, hunting the animals is also hard on the pocketbook.

Remington Studio. From 1890 to 1908 artist Frederic Remington worked in the painting room of his home in New Rochelle, New York. Now this studio is being recreated at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, which received $81,500 for the project from Laurance S. Rockefeller. Due for completion in mid-June, the replica will display a collection of Remington's studio effects given to the Center in 1959. How can one know what the artist's workplace looked like? Remington's friend, Lyell Carr, painted it in 1900.

Frithjof Schuon. A Swiss artist and thinker will have his first U.S. exhibition of paintings January 24 through March 8 at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. This well-known European artist has been portraying the traditional life of the Plains Indians since the 1950s. **AW**

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Courtesy, Alaska Travel Division

These hearty souls appear ready for the adventure of prospecting. Ample knapsacks of flour were as necessary to survival as the right mining equipment.

The dough that fed the West:

Sourdough

by John O'Rourke

In 1850 a prospector scribbled, "All around us, above and below, on mountainside and stream, the rain falling fast upon them, are the miners at work—not for gold but for *bread*." Miners from Maine or Michigan called the dough they used "emptyings." Wisconsin men called it "spook yeast," mountain men "wilderness yeast." By any name, it was the same dough that fed the West: sourdough. So scarce were other forms of food that without a diet based on sourdough, the new argonauts could have been reduced to grubbing for roots.

When thousands upon thousands of emigrants headed for California in lurching covered wagons in 1849 and 1850, almost all of them started with plenty of good flour. Chronicler Francis Parkman reported that the average wagon making the two-thousand-mile trek from Independence, Missouri, to California or Oregon carried 250 pounds of "breadstuffs" and 185 pounds of bacon.

Heinrich Lienhard, one of "five German boys" who pooled resources to get from Saint Louis to Sutter's Fort, described this scene on the trail: "Fires were lighted all around the circle, and soon one could hear the sizzling of roasting steaks and smell the aroma of brewing coffee. Here and there, you could see people mixing dough for biscuits and different kinds of cake." According to Lienhard, he and his fellows "baked in fat three cakes apiece, made from bread dough. These, with some buffalo meat and either tea or coffee, formed a meal which we repeated two or three times daily on our trip."

Easy to carry, requiring only a crude container, sourdough became the mainstay of the forty-niner and of his later cousins—the prospectors of the Yukon, the Klondike, and the Nome shore. Some Alaskans still swear, "You can never fry too many sourdough pancakes, 'cause there's always a use for them. If you don't eat 'em, you kin feed 'em to the dogs, shingle the roof, chink your cabin logs—or even use 'em for shoe soles!"

When enough flour was available, some settlers proved willing to share their culinary wealth with the animals that served them so well. In some groups, "horse rations" were actually large loaves of bread baked expressly for horses and oxen.

The forty-niners quickly discovered a fascinating by-product of sourdough fermentation: hooch. Hooch was a potent supplement to the gold country's scant supply of alcoholic beverages. It was easy to manufacture; you simply allowed batches of sourdough to ferment fully, sometimes encouraging the process with a dollop or two of molasses. Sourdough thus earned another type of popularity in the isolated and sometimes snowbound camps. How else was a poor lone miner to keep warm?

Miners were not the only folks relying on the sustenance of this unusual dough. Basque shepherds cherished sourdough starters 200 years old. Western trappers and hunters toted packs with sponges of sourdough nestled among the flour. And cowboys swore by—and at—sourdough. Despite having to cook over a campfire surrounded by a herd of restless cattle, the cowboy cook became the most versatile of all. No hollowed birch bole for him. He had to feed a ravenous crew; so he customarily lugged his precious sourdough along by chuck wagon in five-gallon kegs.

Sourdough is a stubborn yeast. Accompanying pioneers into the most desolate reaches ever penetrated by man, sourdough has shown that it can survive and please the palate. Today, with a starter sponge differing only from the forty-niners' in that it is dried for easier transport, novice kitchen-prospectors can more than match old-fashioned sourdough bread, pinch-off biscuits, and mountain-style flapjacks. No other foodstuff provides modern westerners so firm a link with the Old West.

Here's how they make sourdough pancakes in old Mother Lode establishments like Vineyard House in Coloma, California.

Sourdough Pancakes

To begin you need a "sponge" or sourdough starter, homemade or commercial. Starter may be obtained by writing to the Gold Rush Sourdough Company, 122 East Grand Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080. On your first try, let the beginning starter work for 48 hours to ferment and recover its flavor.

The evening before you want to serve the pancakes:

1. Put 1 c. of starter into a mixing bowl large enough to accommodate expanding batter.
2. Add 2 c. of warm water (90° F.) and 2½ c. of flour.
3. Mix thoroughly and don't worry about lumpiness.
4. Cover bowl and set in a warm spot overnight, allowing 10 to 12 hours for complete fermentation.

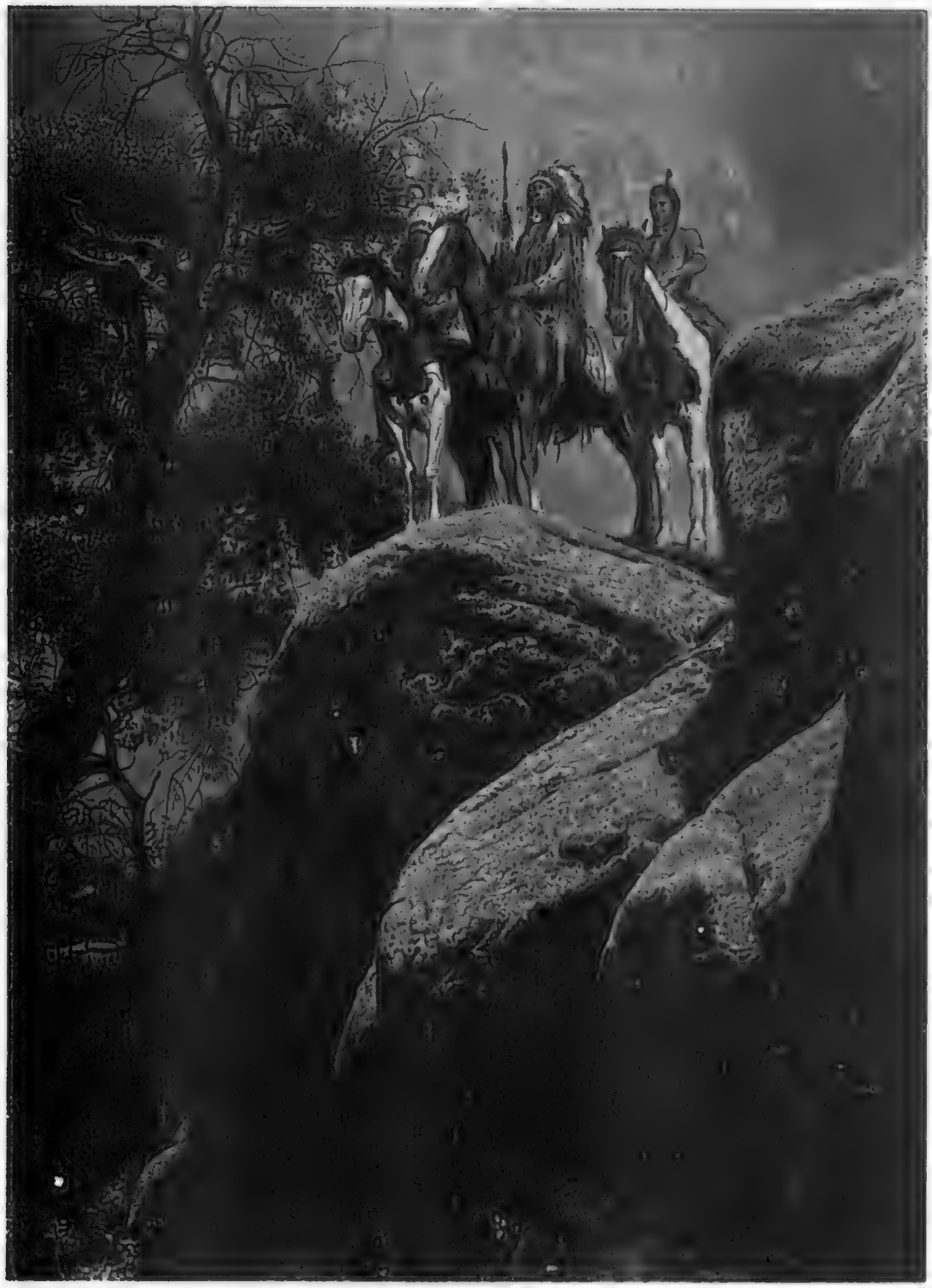
In the morning:

1. Put 1 c. of starter in your sourdough pot and refrigerate until next time.
2. Add to the remaining 4½ c. of batter—1 egg, 2 T. cooking oil, and ¼ c. instant dry or evaporated milk. Beat thoroughly.
3. Blend in a separate container until smooth: 1 t. salt, 1 t. baking soda, and 2 T. sugar.
4. Sprinkle this evenly over batter, then fold in gently to produce foaming, rising action. Allow batter to rest a few minutes.
5. Drop tablespoons of batter onto HOT, lightly greased skillet.

This recipe makes 25 to 30 dollar-sized pancakes.

John O'Rourke is a free-lance writer specializing in food and finance. He learned the secrets of sourdough from his longtime friend Jack Mabee, author of Sourdough Jack's Cookery and Other Things. *Out of print after some fifteen editions, this book is now a collector's item.*

Mort Künstler



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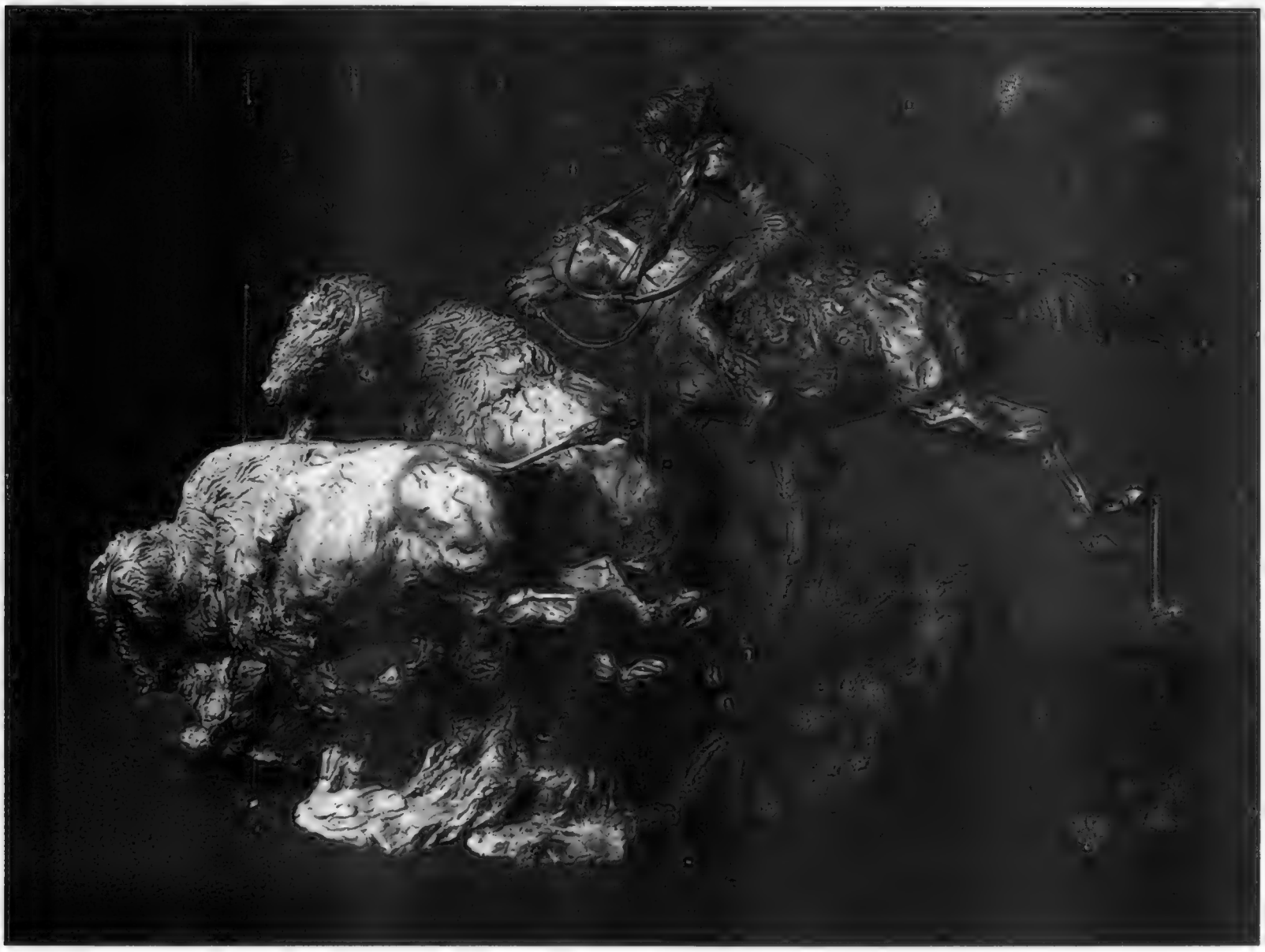

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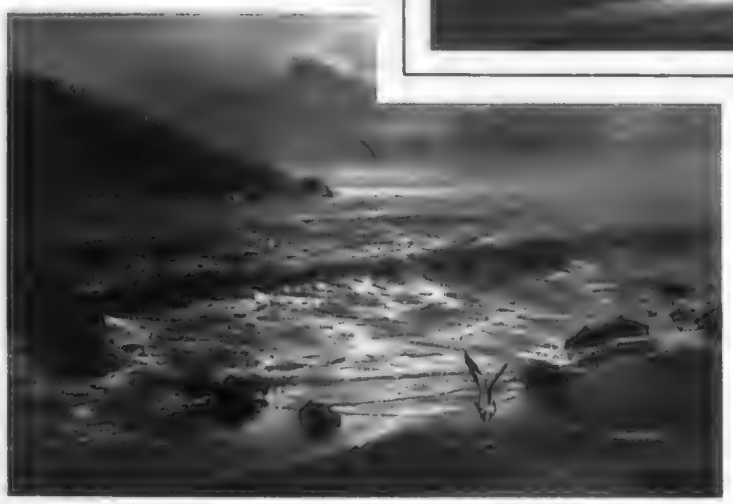

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said, in the previous issue, he would do. Let me say right off that I am firmly in accord with this new editorial policy, and wish THE AMERICAN WEST all possible success in implementing it.

Yours,
James K. Folsom
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Editors:

In his excellent article on Boley, Oklahoma (Nov./Dec., 1980), Thomas W. Pew, Jr., noted that the Mennonites from Mexico who had recently settled in the community faced the threat of deportation. Readers might be interested to learn that a bill granting these Mennonites landed immigrant status was signed into law by President Carter on October 19, 1980.

Incidentally, the correct name of the Mennonite spokesman quoted by Pew is George Plett, not George Pleitt, as given in the article.

Sincerely,
Marvin E. Kroeker
East Central University
Ada, Okla.

Gentlemen:

A friend loaned me a copy of your Nov./Dec. issue as she knew that Asahel Curtis was my father. I was extremely interested in your article and feel you did a very good job. My sister and I have for years tried to get this project moving, so were very happy to see some progress.

Sincerely yours,
Betty McCullough
Carmichael, Calif.

Continued on page 53

"Do you mind if I call you 'podner'?"

DRAWING BY P. STEINER, © 1980
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Historic Texas Inn: Excelsior Hotel

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK A. FREDRICKSON

Graceful balconies adorn the old hotel which has hosted presidents and poets.

by Robert M. McCorkle

"End of Jefferson, Texas." A frustrated Jay Gould scrawled that prediction in the guest register of the Excelsior Hotel almost a century ago. Gould had been denied a right-of-way through town for his Texas and Pacific Railroad and ended up routing his life-giving line through nearby Marshall, predicting that "Jefferson would see the day when bats would roost in its church belfries and grass grow in the streets."

The northeast Texas city did indeed come close to fading away altogether. From a busy bayou port with a population of thirty thousand in the 1870s and early 1880s, it shrank to a declining town of only three thousand by the end of the decade. But a proud populace determined to persist despite the death of the steamboat age kept the town alive. Today, Jefferson is enjoying a renaissance built upon the city's rich and colorful past. Tourism, not shipping, forms the bulwark of the revived economy in this tiny Old South town.

Mixing the tenacity of their ancestors with imagination, resourcefulness, and respect for the past, a garden club numbering about thirty-five women has turned a sleepy, shaggy-looking town into a tidy and charming replica of a nineteenth-century community. The Excelsior Hotel, in continuous operation since the 1850s, is the sparkling centerpiece for this unique historic spot that boasts fifty-nine homes, churches, and other structures with state medallions for preservation and restoration. For more than one hundred and twenty-five years of both grandeur and decline, the Excelsior Hotel has remained a proud lady, steadfastly anchored in tradition and in the sandy east Texas loam on the banks of Big Cypress Bayou.

When a former owner planned to divide this nineteenth-century New Orleans style structure into apartments in 1961, the Excelsior was rescued by the Jessie Allen Wise Garden Club. After borrowing $35,000 to acquire the property, the ladies started refinishing furniture, wallpapering, and painting. During two years of work and a $200,000 renovation, the club turned a dowdy, aging spinster into an elegant and refined southern belle, reminiscent of the grand old hotel when Jefferson was the state's second greatest port city. In 1971 the Excelsior was recorded in the National Register of Historic Places as the "oldest hotel in East Texas."

Stepping through the front door into the red-carpeted lobby filled with nineteenth century furnishings, one can almost forget the twentieth century, so convincing is the Old South ambience. Standing on one side of the lobby is a long, narrow glass-top counter containing perhaps the most interesting examples of nostalgia the Excelsior has to offer. On view are several old guest registers dating from 1877 and signed by venerable visitors like presidents Rutherford B. Hayes (January 3, 1878), Ulysses S. Grant (1883), and Lyndon B. Johnson (October 26, 1969). Other interesting signatures are those of the poet Oscar Wilde and industrialists W. H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould. The case also contains newspaper clippings and books about Gould's wheelings and dealings and about the Old South's notorious Diamond Bessie murder trial.

Gracing the dining room is a Chippendale table from the 1860s, seating sixteen. The dining chairs are thought to have belonged to Mrs. Kate Woods who owned the hotel in the late 1800s. Furnished with an original Chickering square piano as well as a 1919 baby grand, the adjoining ballroom is often the setting for wedding receptions and dances.

Like the lobby, the Excelsior's sixteen bedrooms are showplaces of nineteenth-century life. All are furnished with period pieces made more than a hundred years ago of mahogany, walnut, rosewood, and cherry. Most rooms have high ceilings with antique fans, fireplaces, and outdoor balconies reminiscent of French Louisiana architecture. From each room guests enjoy an impressive view of the beautiful Old World Courtyard and garden with a geometrically laid antique brick patio surrounding a central fountain.

Had it not been for the foresight of the garden club members, the Excelsior Hotel and Jefferson itself would have gone the way of the majestic steamboats that once plowed the nearby rivers. **AW**

Robert M. McCorkle is a free-lance writer and former newspaperman who focuses on his native Texas and its unique inhabitants.

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Eugene Field: Whimsical Western Poet and Newsman

by James K. Folsom

THE SPECTATORS lining the streets of Denver that spring morning in 1882 were not disappointed in their first glimpse of the celebrated British aesthete who was to lecture at the Tabor Opera House. Dressed in flowing blond wig, knee breeches, and velveteen jacket, reclining languidly in a splendid open carriage as he contemplated an enormous sunflower, he was everything they had expected. Some were puzzled perhaps when the carriage drew up before the offices of the Denver *Tribune*, instead of some elegant hotel, and the British aesthete disappeared inside. Still, genius could not be expected to conform to the banalities of predictable human behavior.

When, on the following day, Oscar Wilde himself arrived in town, Denver discovered it had been gloriously hoaxed; the British aesthete of the prior morning was none other than Eugene Field, whimsical columnist and eccentric managing editor of the *Tribune*, gleefully perpetrating one of his elaborate practical jokes. Wilde took the escapade in good humor: "What a splendid advertisement for my lecture!" he said.

Eugene Field had come to Denver in 1881 and was to leave for Chicago in 1883. Yet his effect on the city, and it on him, were much greater than his brief sojourn there would seem to warrant. After his death, Denver was justifiably proud to be the first city to construct a memorial in Field's honor—a seven-foot-high statue of Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, three of his beloved nursery rhyme characters. A park was also named for him, and later the "Unsinkable" Molly Brown herself led a successful crusade to save Field's Denver home from the wrecker's ball.

Field was born in Saint Louis, Missouri, on September 2, 1850. (By a strange mistake in which Field would have delighted, the house that was later solemnly memorialized as his birthplace was the wrong one. No matter; when Field's brother pointed out the error, Mark Twain responded, "The fact... is relatively unimportant.... Officially and for the purposes of the future, [Eugene] was born here.") Field's mother died when he was six, and his father, Roswell Field—renowned at the time as the attorney who had unsuccessfully defended the slave Dred Scott—sent the boy to Amherst, Massachusetts. Field lived there until 1869 with a cousin, Mary Field French, to whom he later dedicated his most famous volume, *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1889).

Following two abortive attempts at higher education (at Knox College in Illinois and at the University of Missouri), Field toured Britain and western Europe and then, with his new bride, Julia Comstock, settled into a career of newspaper work that he would follow until his death. His restless nature led him from one paper to another until he found his niche with the Chicago *Daily News*. There, from 1883 until his death of heart failure in 1895, he wrote a daily column, "Sharps and Flats," which made his name a household word. In Chicago the irrepressible practical joker developed a more endearing side, which earned him the sobriquet "The Poet of Childhood" and made him the most popular American poet of his generation.

This reputation is not without irony, for Field, an avid theatergoer, was on occasion wont to make faces at children sitting near him, which would set them screaming. "I do not love all children," he said flatly in his *Auto-Analysis* (1894), how seriously we do not know. The poet of childhood also had strong feelings about political issues. He had inherited the social conscience of the defender of Dred Scott, and in the Pullman Strike of 1894 Field, almost alone, was an outspoken supporter of Eugene Debs.

Time has not dealt kindly with the reputation of the "Children's Laureate," who was never so popular with children as with their parents. An early critic remarked that children became "discouraged" because so many of Field's youthful characters died in the course of his stories. In fact, Field's work was obsessed with death. In the five specifically western poems of *A Little Book of Western Verse*, for example, there are four deaths, one that of a child. Perhaps the American nerve struck by Field's sentimental verse was precisely this: not glorification of childhood but lament for its inevitable end. And here is where the poet of childhood and the poet of the West coalesce. Field's most famous book of verse appeared but one year before the census of 1890 announced that the American frontier was officially closed, and just four years before Frederick Jackson Turner read its epitaph.

If the master metaphor of Field's children's verse is the death of the child, the same can be said for his western writing. Field's sentimentalized children, good beyond belief, die of unspecified diseases, as though their adversary is neither whooping cough nor diptheria nor scarlet fever, but some unhealthy quality in the adult world. Similarly, it is modern life that destroys the Edenic innocence of Field's West, a country—like his nursery—peopled with great-hearted, innocent souls who somehow cannot cope with the modern world. As the child has gone, he implies, so will go the nation. The nameless narrator of "Casey's Table D'Hote" puts the case clearly:

> Oh, them days on Red Ross Mountain, when the skies was fair 'nd blue,
> When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
> . . . . . .
> Oh, them times on Red Ross Mountain in the Rockies far away,—
> There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day! **AW**

James K. Folsom, *Professor of English at the University of Colorado, once played the part of Eugene Field in the Gold Hill (Colorado) melodrama.*

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Those innocent eyes below the dapper derby are deceiving, as Eugene Field delighted in practical jokes. Famous for his whimsical children's poetry, he also expressed strong opinions regarding political issues.

British eccentric conquered miners and high society alike.

Oscar Wilde goes West

by Margaret Malkind

CULVER PICTURES

TO GET ON IN SOCIETY NOWADAYS,'' Oscar Wilde said, ''one has either to feed people or to shock them.'' In the early 1880s Wilde was just another relatively poor, prize-winning Oxford graduate who had to his credit one book of poems published at his own expense. He could not feed people, so he set out to shock them by saying the unexpected, dressing in extraordinary fashions, and espousing an exotic cause. Wilde was an apostle of aestheticism, the movement of the late nineteenth century advocating ''art for art's sake.''

Epigrams, polished in private, rolled off his tongue. ''Nothing succeeds like excess,'' he said, and ''Give me the luxuries and I can dispense with the necessities.'' Once, when he arrived very late for a luncheon party and his hostess pointed to the clock, Wilde asked, ''And what, madam, do you think that little clock knows of what the great golden sun is doing?'' Wilde enjoyed playing the languid dandy, hiring a cab to take him from one side of the street to the other. He once insisted that he had stayed up all night with an ill primrose picked in the woods. Another time he admitted having spent the morning removing a comma from the proof of one of his poems, only to replace it in the afternoon.

To Wilde the costume of seventeenth-century cavaliers was the perfect clothing for men, and so he went about in a velvet coat, knee breeches, a loose shirt with a turndown collar, and a flowing tie. He wore his hair long. And he frequently carried a lily or a sunflower in his hand. This was an ''aesthetic costume,'' part of his rebellion against the ugliness of Victorian dress, furniture, and machine-made articles. The aesthetes came out for Chippendales, dadoes, stained glass, blue and white china, anything Japanese, and the sunflower and lily as the flowers with the most beautiful design.

Wilde's techniques for attracting public attention worked. When he overheard a man in the street grumble, ''There goes that bloody fool, Oscar Wilde,'' he remarked delightedly to his companion, ''It's extraordinary how soon one gets known in London.'' More publicity came to Wilde through Gilbert and Sullivan's play *Patience*. When it opened in London in 1881 and Reginald Bunthorne, ''the fleshly poet,'' sang:

> Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank
> as an apostle in the high aesthetic band,
> If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lilly
> in your mediaeval hand,

every eye was on the unflappable Oscar sitting in the stalls.

Patience had its spin-offs: popular songs published in England and America such as the ''Oscar Wilde Forget-Me-Not Waltzes,'' the ''Oscar Polka Mazurka,'' ''Oscar Dear,'' ''My Aesthetic Love or Utterly, Utter, Consummate Too Too,'' and others. The covers of this sheet music tended to sport sunflowers, lilies, Japanese fans, blue china, and peacock feathers; the lyrics were invariably satirical.

On his tour for art and beauty, Wilde appeared in dress that amused the American public: knee breeches and patent leather pumps, a voluminous cape, flowing tie, romantic hat atop his long hair, and yellow gloves.

CULVER PICTURES

CULVER PICTURES

"Caricature is the tribute mediocrity pays to genius."

In smoking jacket and silk stockings, Oscar Wilde reclines amid furs and Oriental carpets, possibly contemplating his next attack on bad taste. Wilde's affectations in costume and behavior brought satirical treatment by the American press. However, his sharp wit and unruffled good nature turned Wilde's tour into a personal triumph, gaining admirers among San Francisco elite and among grubby miners at the bottom of a Leadville shaft.

By now Oscar Wilde the Aesthete was well known in America, and Mrs. Frank Leslie, publisher of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (and later the wife of Oscar's brother Willie), suggested that Wilde give a series of lectures in this country. Richard D'Oyly Carte, the producer of Gilbert and Sullivan, immediately saw the benefits of a lecture tour by Oscar Wilde. D'Oyly Carte's London *Patience* was being pirated in those precopyright days by American companies, and his New York *Patience* had just opened. Oscar's lectures would confound the pirates of *Patience* while publicizing the original. But would Oscar go?

Oscar would, because he needed the money. Moreover, he had written a play, *Vera; Or, The Nihilists*, which nobody in London would touch (nihilism hardly being favored in monarchies after the assassination of Czar Alexander II). Perhaps New York would find the subject less explosive. With a contract for one-third of the box office receipts and all expenses paid, Oscar boarded the *Arizona* on Christmas Eve, 1881, ready to act out his own aphorism that "life imitates art far more than art imitates life." Oscar Wilde would become the theatrical character Reginald Bunthorne in the flesh.

As the flesh ran to over six feet and looked more athletic than aesthetic, the reporters who thronged aboard ship to interview Wilde in New York were disappointed. But his attire—a bottle green, fur-lined overcoat, round sealskin cap set on shoulder-length hair, and yellow kid gloves—mollified them. And his first remarks made the kind of copy they were looking for. He told the customs agent he had nothing to declare except his genius and called the Atlantic a "disappointment." He later condemned Niagara Falls too. "Every American bride," he said, "is taken there and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life."

Wilde was a success in New York; so D'Oyly Carte's business manager, Colonel Morse, booked him for a lecture circuit in the East and Midwest. His reception everywhere took on a familiar pattern. Hordes of reporters, usually hostile, interviewed him; businessmen used his name in their ads; the ladies, with lilies in their hair, lionized him; and the public greedily bought up tickets. People did not really come to hear what he had to say in his uninteresting monotone about "The English Renaissance," "Interior and Exterior Decoration of Houses," or "Art and the Handicraftsman." They came to see the Great Aesthete in velvet jacket and knee breeches, silk stockings and buckle shoes, Byronic collar and tie, and long hair parted "at the equator."

His remarks on American cities and their decoration were outspoken. He dealt Chicago a mortal blow when he called its beloved water tower a "castellated monstrosity." He telegraphed back to the mayor of Griggsville, Kansas, who had asked him to lecture on aesthetics, "Begin by changing the name of your town." And he told a Baltimore audience that Washington had too many bronze generals.

Only Boston, the "Athens of America," forgot its manners and breached the rules of courtesy to a foreign guest. When Wilde stepped onto the lecture platform of the Boston Music Hall, he faced sixty Harvard freshmen in the front rows, all dressed alike in swallowtail coats, wigs, and green ties. Each had a large lily in his buttonhole, simpered over the sunflower he held, and applauded every time Wilde paused for a sip of water.

Oscar was ready for them, however. He wore conventional evening dress that night and got the audience on his side with the remark that he "seemed to see certain signs of an artistic movement in the lecture hall." His epigram "Caricature is the tribute mediocrity pays to genius" and his fervent prayer to be saved from his disciples brought the house down. At the end of the evening Harvard's score was zero.

THE HARVARD STORY aroused indignation in the West. People in longhorn country were shocked at the Boston Brahmins' treatment of their visitor and decided to show Wilde true western hospitality if he ever came their way. The chance came when Oscar agreed to give twenty lectures on the Pacific coast in March and April for sixty percent of the gross, a minimum guarantee of $200 a night paid in advance, and traveling expenses.

On the first day of spring Oscar lectured at the Social Art Club of Omaha on "Decorative Art," a field in which he found Americans decidedly deficient. Their houses were "illy designed, decorated shabbily, and in bad taste, filled with furniture that was not honestly made."

It was one hundred rattling train hours from Omaha to San Francisco. Oscar watched the gray prairies absorb time and space like "blotting paper." He composed an epitaph for Longfellow, whom he had visited in Boston ("Longfellow was himself a beautiful poem, more beautiful than anything he ever wrote"); complained to the newsboys selling pirated editions of his poems for ten cents that "though poets like to be popular they desire to be paid"; compared the heavy, awkward buffalo on the desolate plains to a certain English drama critic; and wrote home that he was "somewhere in the middle of coyotes and cañons: one is a 'ravine' and the other a 'fox,' I don't know which, but I think they change about."

Finally the train came down from the mountains into California's green fields, groves of orange trees, and purple hills, "a very Italy, without its art." Liking California better than any other part of America, Oscar was to lecture in San Jose, Sacramento, Oakland, and—on several occasions—San Francisco. He found her a "really beautiful city" and Chinatown "the most artistic city I have ever come across." He later said, "I used to watch a great hulking Chinese workman at his task of digging, and used to see him every day drink his tea from a little cup as delicate in texture as the petal of a flower, whereas in all the grand hotels of the land, where thousands of dollars have been lavished on great gilt mirrors and gaudy columns, I have been given my coffee or my chocolate in cups an inch and a quarter thick."

The "grand hotel" he stayed at in San Francisco was the Palace—a massive, block-long building with a glass-covered court open to carriages. It also had "rising rooms," that could carry a guest to any one of the hotel's seven stories. Although Oscar continued to wear the lecture costume his audience expected, offstage he simplified his dress and went "western" with a broad brimmed, white sombrero on top of his long hair. That bothered Westerners not a whit; shoulder-brushing locks had not made a "Miss Nancy" of General Custer or the great Indian scouts.

Wilde's first lecture in San Francisco, "The English Renaissance," attracted a fashionable audience in Platt's Hall. San Franciscans applauded his statement that "the value of the telephone is the value of what two people have to say" and his plea to give children beauty instead of the "record of bloody slaughters and barbarous brawls" called history or "of the latitude and longitude of places nobody cares to visit" called geography. In his second lecture, "House Decoration," he castigated the ugliness of machine-made furniture, cast-iron stoves, and pictures hung in hallways or too high to be seen. Taking the stage the third time, Oscar directed his audience to hang pictures at eye level. "The habit in America of hanging them up near the cornice struck me as irrational at first. It was not until I saw how bad the pictures were that I realized the advantage of the custom." The decoration of plates with sunsets and moonlight scenes also displeased the aesthete. "We do not want a soup plate whose bottom seems to vanish in

"The value of the telephone is the value of what two people have to say."

the distance,'' he said. ''One feels neither safe nor comfortable under such conditions.'' The horsehair sofa was that old offender ''whose stolid look of indifference is always so depressing.'' Artists and handicraftsmen, Oscar insisted, should work together to produce beautiful and useful objects based on rational design.

THE SACRAMENTO BEE KEPT CLOSE TABS on Wilde during his stay in California. It expected the ''aesthetic females'' of San Francisco to shower him with bouquets, advised the Society for the Prevention of the Dissemination of Obscene Literature to look into some of his poetry, and printed the following verse:

> O had I the limbs of Oscar Wilde
> I'd pose in the gleam of the lily flower—
> Or prance in public, a gushing child,
> And line with ducats my sylvan bower!

This was typical of the gibes American newspapers frequently directed at Wilde for having found a good thing in aestheticism. When Oscar spoke on ''Art Decoration'' in Sacramento, the *Bee* noted his monotonous delivery—''never so much as recognizing a comma or a period but going straight on in a drawling tone from beginning to end.'' The reporter did, however, find the subject well prepared and the poet's language good.

The *Bee* also told the story of Oscar out-drinking some men who had planned to make him ''biling drunk.'' One after another in the group passed out, while ''the friend of the sunflower'' drank on. When the sun shone through the shutters at 5:30 A.M., Wilde drew out his watch and remarked that he had an appointment at 2:00 and would like to get a little sleep beforehand. He would, therefore, have one more drink with the night's survivors and then bid them good morning. Oscar's entertainment varied. Once after lecturing, he was invited to a musical and literary evening for members of the Bric-a-Brac Club. Knowing what was expected of him, he turned out in ruffles and velvet to see the display of still lifes, hand-painted handkerchief boxes, and pencil studies of stags' heads.

There were livelier invitations too. The day before Oscar left San Francisco, he went to tea at the studio of painter Joe Strong and his wife Isobel, daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson's wife Fanny and her first husband. None of the artists in this Bohemian milieu had ever given a tea before, so the Strongs' Chinese servant came to the rescue with a tea service of delicate china arranged on a teakwood table. He

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY FROM THE WASP, MARCH 31, 1882

wore a mandarin cap, tucked his hands into the sleeves of his brocaded gown, and bowed at appropriate moments. The skylight had been painted over with clusters of red roses and green leaves for the occasion, and one of the ladies appeared in a long, black silk dress trimmed with lace. As he walked into the studio, Oscar exclaimed, "This is where I belong! This is my atmosphere! I didn't know such a place existed in the whole United States." San Francisco was Oscar's biggest success. And he left in his wake a trail of sunflower fans, hollyhock hats, petals appliqued on lace curtains, and echoes of "utterly utter" and "too-too-excessively beyond" in Nob Hill drawing rooms.

Salt Lake City presented quite a change. This city, said Wilde, contained only two noteworthy buildings: the Tabernacle, which reminded him of a soup kettle, and the Amelia Palace, named for one of Brigham Young's wives. According to Oscar, when Young died, "The present president of the Mormons stood up in the Tabernacle and said that it had been revealed to him that he was to have the Amelia Palace, and that on this subject there were to be no more revelations of any kind!" Wilde thought polygamy was prosaic: "The romance of life is that one can love so many people and marry but one."

DENVER WAS NEXT, and the bonanza city went agog over the visit of the famous aesthete. Tickets to his lecture in the Grand Opera House sold for one dollar and fifty cents instead of one dollar—the price having been raised to fit the audience's pocketbook. Oscar's hotel suite was done over for him with lilies and sunflowers on pink wallpaper, a ceiling fresco, and classical statuary in the bathroom. Dry goods stores had Oscar Wilde patterns, and china shops advertised "Oscar Wilde Majolica and Limoges." The city's bawds adopted the sunflower as their badge and brightened up the parlor houses with Japanese fans and lanterns.

After Wilde's lecture which, it was said, "never stirred his audience but in the direction of the door," Horace Tabor, multimillionaire silver king of Leadville, invited the poet to visit Matchless Mine in the richest and roughest city in the country. Wilde was warned, according to a story he liked to tell, that he or his traveling manager would be shot if they came to Leadville; to which he replied that nothing they could do to his traveling manager would intimidate him. In this mining town of clapboard houses, bare cabins, and brothels, Oscar lectured on "House Decoration" clad in knee breeches and a velvet jacket. His listeners were miners, the only well-dressed men in America, Oscar insisted, because their shirts, kerchiefs, corduroys, and high boots resembled those of Charles I's cavaliers. Pleased by hearing parts of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, the miners asked why Oscar had not brought Cellini with him. Wilde carefully explained that the Florentine sculptor had been dead for a long time; whereupon, a voice from the audience demanded, "Who shot him?"

Wilde's praise for the beauty of the sunflower created a fad among his admirers and offered a popular topic for ridicule by illustrators.

"The habit in America of hanging pictures up near the cornice struck me as irrational at first. It was not until I saw how bad the pictures were that I realized the advantage of the custom."

Later the aesthete was given a night tour of Leadville. In one saloon he noticed a sign above the piano: "Don't shoot the pianist; he's doing his damndest." Wilde said this was the only rational method of art criticism he had ever come across. At 2:00 A.M., dressed in Tabor's own underground rubber suit, Oscar descended Matchless Mine in an ore bucket. At the bottom of the mine he sat down to a banquet, "the first course of which was whiskey, the second whiskey and the third the same." The miners invited Wilde to open a new vein called "The Oscar" with a silver drill, his only memento of the event. He had hoped that "in their simple grand way" the miners would offer him shares in it, but "in their artless untutored fashion they did not."

Before leaving the state, Wilde lectured in Pueblo and Colorado Springs. On his way east, he stopped in Lincoln, Nebraska. When taken to see the prison there, Oscar was consoled in his concern for the prisoners to find that they were all mean looking. "I should hate to see a criminal with a noble face," he said. In one "tragically tidy" whitewashed cell Oscar found a translation of Dante and thought it "strange and beautiful" that the exiled poet's sorrow should be the comfort of a prisoner in a modern jail, hundreds of years later.

Oscar Wilde left America on December 27, 1882, having arranged for a New York production of *Vera* the following year. To his manager's request that he make certain changes in the play, Wilde replied, "Who am I to tamper with a masterpiece?" The years of glory when he would be England's leading playwright lay ahead. The years of shame and suffering when he himself would read Dante in Reading Gaol were not even conceivable. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

All biographies of Oscar Wilde describe his lecture tour in America to some extent. For Wilde's own perspective on the tour, see his *Impressions of America* (1906), his lectures published in Vol. VI of the *Complete Writings of Oscar Wilde* (1909), and *The Letters of Oscar Wilde* (1962) edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. See also *American Lectures* of W. F. Morse in the Uniform Edition of *The Writings of Oscar Wilde* (1907). Lewis and Smith's *Oscar Wilde Discovers America* (1936) is an invaluable source of information not only on Wilde's year in America, but also on America itself in 1882. Holbrook Jackson's *The Eighteen Nineties* (1913) presents a useful explanation of the aesthetic movement, and Stuart Mason's *Oscar Wilde and The Aesthetic Movement* shows the kind of satire Wilde provoked. American newspapers of the time Wilde was "in town" and copies of *Punch* for the years 1880–1881 also provide good background. The tea party at the Strongs' studio is described by Isobel Field in *This Life I've Loved* (1937), and his effect on San Francisco by Julia Altrocchi in *The Spectacular San Franciscans* (1949).

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Land of beauty and adventure

Visiting artists painted Arizona

by James K. Ballinger

HERE WAS THE PERFECT HAVEN. WHY GO ON? With those simple words, English writer J. B. Priestly offered enthusiastic homage to the uncommon land of Arizona. Marveling at the varied environment where "the mountains have married the desert," he found the place so extravagant that if one should film it, he "would be accused of impudent and careless faking."

Since the Spaniards first roamed the region in the sixteenth century, searching for the treasure of the Seven Cities of Cibola, visitors have come to seek wealth and adventure. Many of those visitors have been artists who have produced works reflecting wonder at the land's rugged beauty and fascination with the culture of the Indian peoples who live there.

Reasons for these visitors' coming to Arizona have differed as greatly as their artistic styles. During the nineteenth century, numerous United States government surveys crisscrossed the western territories, and most of them included an artist who was to report visually on the land, to document possible rail routes, town sites, mineral deposits, and water sources. These documentors were expected to withdraw their own feelings from the experience and provide a photographic reflection useful to government policy makers.

Works relating to western expeditions can be misleading because they are sometimes not totally truthful. Paintings finished in eastern studios upon return of the artists from western adventures were often pastiches of their experiences, creating a different image from that which actually existed. For example, John Mix Stanley's 1855 painting *Chain of Spires Along the Gila River* differs from the oil sketch he had made at the scene nine years earlier. A military encampment in the published lithograph made from the sketch is removed in favor of a lone deer majestically viewing the verdure of Eden. Stanley greatly opened the space of his scene and copied cholla and saguaros from lithographs he had made earlier.

In the early twentieth-century, painters were commissioned by the Santa Fe Railway to portray the Grand Canyon and Indians of northern Arizona so as to encourage tourism in the West. Works from the Santa Fe's vast collection were reproduced on calendars, menus, and brochures, as well as hung in the company's ticket offices around the country.

Sparked by similar promotional projects, tourism provided a significant reason for travel to Arizona. Advances in transportation have made it increasingly easy for artists to vacation in the region. Modern painters can leave their New York studios and be on site in less time than it took Thomas Moran to ride to the Grand Canyon by wagon once he left his railway car in Williams, Arizona, for the first time in 1892.

Geographically and culturally, the state of Arizona is more multifaceted than any other location in the United States. And nowhere else on earth is an actual cross section of the earth's crust visible. The one-mile vertical descent to the banks of the swift Colorado River from either rim of the Grand Canyon is a spectacular lesson in geology, biology, botany, and several other sciences. The Canyon ranks, perhaps, as the most frequently visited monument in the United States, and its depictions during the past one hundred twenty-three years by painters such as Thomas Moran, William Robinson Leigh, Arthur Wesley Dow, and Philip Pearlstein show its many faces and moods.

Just as the dramatic abyss of Arizona has drawn artists and writers, so has the Indian culture of the state. Traveling throughout Arizona one is constantly reminded that the true settlers of the landscape were Indians such as the Apaches, the Pimas, the Papagos, the Navajos, and the Hopis. Their vast reservation holdings serve as a living reminder to their claims, but so, too, do the ancient ruins of the Anasazi in Canyon de Chelly and the canal systems of the vanished Hohokam in central Arizona.

Manifest destiny philosophy of the nineteenth century created artificial borders for these people who stood in the way of white migration, but the painter is able to transcend the conflicts of governments to capture the people with the free eye of an artist. Perhaps the most frequently depicted of these native Americans have been the Hopis who inhabit adobe pueblos on three mesas in the northeastern section of the state. Their architecture, costumes, and ceremonies have been continually documented on paper and canvas, and in bronze since the middle of the last century. All the artists—Cornelia Cassaday Davis, Maynard Dixon, Frank P. Sauerwein, and William P. Henderson—found these "all people peaceful" (translation of Hopi) enticing, especially their annual Snake Dance performed to bring rain.

Arizona was physically remote during the nineteenth century, and the cultural distance between her deserts and canyons and the concrete buildings of America's art center, New York, has been great in the twentieth century. However, the works of artists who have visited Arizona since 1846 represent a cross section of American art beginning with the Hudson River School and concluding with color field painting and new realism. **AW**

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Pictures continue overleaf.

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA MUSEUM OF ART, TUCSON

Water Pockets, 1939

Oil on canvas by William Robinson Leigh

William Robinson Leigh (1866–1955) painted western American subjects for half a century following years of training at the Munich Academy and work as an illustrator for various magazines in New York. Leigh felt the city was not what he wanted and later wrote, "I had from my first landing in New York thought that the painters of our eastern states were not painting America, but a sort of slightly disguised Europe...." Breaking away in 1907, he made a trip to Arizona's Grand Canyon through an arrangement with the Santa Fe Railway's advertising manager, who agreed to commission a painting of the Grand Canyon in exchange for transportation expenses. Leigh made countless small, and a number of large, studies of the Grand Canyon area, and filled his diary with romantic descriptions of the geologic wonders he was witnessing. During the latter years of his career, Leigh painted a series of murals depicting American historical subjects. In addition, he often returned to earlier compositions to produce paintings, which were by then in great demand. Water Pockets *is such a work, based on a small painting of the same theme, formerly in the Read Mullan collection.*

The exhibition "Visitors to Arizona 1846 to 1980" was assembled at the Phoenix Art Museum under the direction of James K. Ballinger, Curator of Collections. One hundred and thirty-nine paintings and photographs of Arizona scenes and people comprised the exhibit, which was made possible by a grant from International Business Machines Corporation. The introduction and captions here are abridgements of Mr. Ballinger's text in the catalogue for the exhibition.

MR. AND MRS. CLAY LOCKETT

Cloud World, 1925

Oil on canvas by Lafayette Maynard Dixon

During his first visit to Arizona at the turn of the century, Maynard Dixon (1875–1946) proclaimed that he had found his country. A California artist, Dixon traveled widely throughout Arizona on many occasions. He painted the entire state, from the northern mesa country and its inhabitants, the Hopi and Navajo, to the southern desert and its inhabitants, the Pima and Papago. Early in his career Dixon survived by creating magazine illustrations and in 1907 moved to New York to be close to the publishing industry. Five years later he wrote to his friend Charles Lummis: "I am being paid to lie about the west. I am going back home where I can do honest work." When confronted with the vast, brightly lit landscape of Arizona, many painters are unable to translate their vision to canvas. Dixon scrutinized the land and its shadows as well as the deep blue of the skies, proving that his understanding of this environment was superior to that of any other painter. Cloud World, *one of Dixon's masterworks, presents a scene of billowing cumulus clouds marching toward the viewer to an art deco tune. The stylization is not bothersome but enhances our understanding of the environment.*

COURTESY KENNEDY GALLERIES, INC., NEW YORK

View of Maricopa, Arizona, 1852–55
Oil on canvas by Henry Cheever Pratt

In the summer of 1851, Henry Cheever Pratt (1803–1880) joined John R. Bartlett's Mexican Boundary Survey in El Paso, determined to record the topography of the United States–Mexico border region. Bartlett later wrote that Pratt had executed hundreds of sketches of the area which "convey[ed]*to the mind a better idea of it than the most elaborate description." Pratt's background was related to the Hudson River School style of his friend and hiking companion, Thomas Cole.* View of Maricopa, Arizona *is loosely based on one of Pratt's own watercolors,* Arizona View Overlooking the Pima Villages, the River Gila in the Distance *in the John Russell Bartlett papers at Brown University.*

PHOENIX ART MUSEUM

Chain of Spires Along the Gila River, 1855
Oil on canvas by John Mix Stanley

John Mix Stanley (1814–1872) was the first non-Indian American artist to travel to Arizona, which at that time (1846) was a part of New Mexico territory. Attached to the Corps of Topographic Engineers, Stanley accompanied a military expedition under General Stephen Watts Kearny, then en route from Santa Fe to San Diego to secure the southwestern region for the United States. Stanley's duty as draughtsman was to depict accurately the landscape through which they passed. His interest in detail was carried to a rather romantic conclusion nine years later in his major painting, Chain of Spires Along the Gila River. *When it is compared to the published lithograph of the same subject, one discovers that Stanley has deleted the encampment of soldiers and included the Gila River and a deer who strikes a rather majestic stance overlooking an Edenesque portrayal of Arizona.*

When Thomas Moran left Ferdinand V. Hayden's 1872 U.S. Geological Survey of the Territories in the Yellowstone, William Henry Holmes (1846–1933) began his career as geologist and artist with the same group. During the next six years with Hayden, traveling and recording in Wyoming and Colorado, the artist matured and was well prepared to serve as artist for Clarence Dutton's 1880 trip to the Grand Canyon region. Holmes's watercolors and line drawings provide the full impact of Dutton's superb report, Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District and Atlas *(1882), which focused on the creation and scenery of this magnificent geologic region. The overall lack of detail in* Grand Canyon, *when compared to the line drawings of the Dutton book, suggests this work to be of later derivation.*

EUGENE B. ADKINS COLLECTION

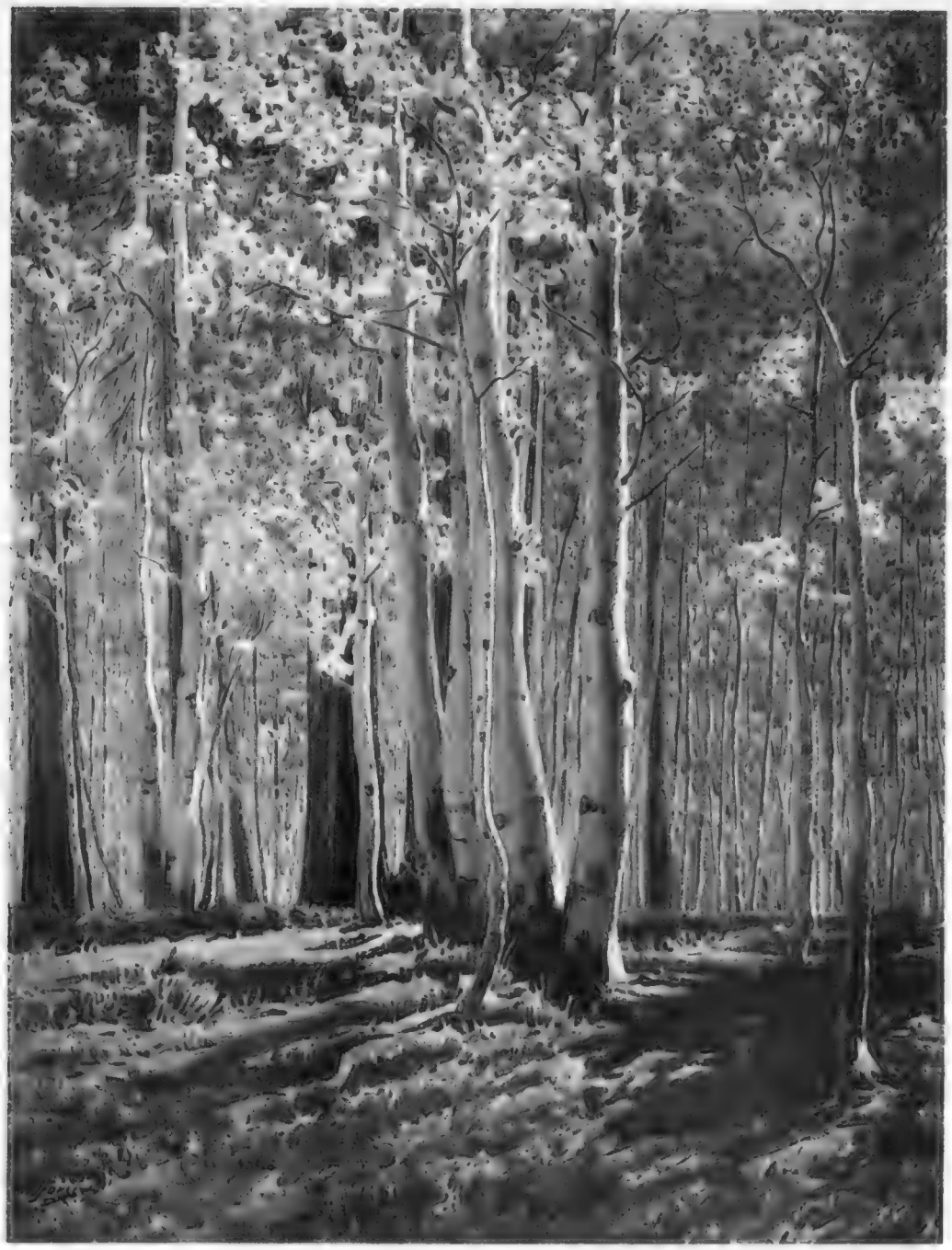
Grand Canyon, n.d.
Watercolor on paper by William Henry Holmes

The Grand Canyon has attracted scores of artists who have attempted to capture its grandness of scale. Oscar Edmund Berninghaus (1874–1952) breaks with that tradition somewhat in A Showery Day, Grand Canyon *because its format concentrates our interest on the group of well-dressed visitors packed closely together on an overlook at the Canyon. The geologic wonder is veiled in showers and is secondary in importance for this particular work. Berninghaus underscores his priority by using only muted colors for the Canyon and the clouds floating before the visitors whose bright hats and clothing provide the strong color in the composition. This structure creates a balance between the figures and the wide open landscape the painter is showing the viewer. Berninghaus first came to the West in 1899 on a pass provided by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.*

SANTA FE COLLECTION OF SOUTHWESTERN ART

A Showery Day, Grand Canyon, 1915
Oil on canvas by Oscar Edmund Berninghaus

PHOENIX ART MUSEUM, GIVEN IN MEMORY OF CAROLINE SMURTHWAITE
FROM FAMILY AND FRIENDS



Kaibab Forest, Grand Canyon, c. 1921
Watercolor on paper by Gunnar Mauritz Widforss

During the early 1920s Gunnar Mauritz Widforss (1879–1934) was encouraged to become the "painter of the National Parks," resulting in an exhibition at the National Gallery in Washington. Given the current stature of Widforss as a little-known painter, this may seem odd, but the Gallery's director was William Henry Holmes, a man who certainly understood painting of western America from his own experiences beginning in 1880 (see Holmes entry). Born and trained in Sweden, Widforss settled in 1921 in California because of the grandeur of Yosemite; subsequent years of travel throughout the West cemented his interest in the varied landscape, especially the Grand Canyon. Widforss's last years were spent for the most part at Grand Canyon painting it from every possible angle. A master watercolorist, he captured the color and light of the geology and foliage of the Canyon like no other painter.

Tumacacori, c. 1925
Oil on canvas by Carl Oscar Borg

Suitably, Swedish-born Carl Oscar Borg (1879–1947) arrived in San Francisco aboard The Arizonian *in 1903 to begin a distinguished art career depicting the Southwest. Basically self-taught, except for a brief apprenticeship in Stockholm and experience in theatre design at London's Drury Lane Theatre, Borg advanced his career rapidly following his meeting with the dealer William Cole. Borg came to the attention of Phoebe Apperson Hearst who felt strongly enough about his work to sponsor him for four years of study in Europe and northern Africa. Upon Borg's return, Hearst commissioned several paintings of tribal ceremonies performed by Indians of the Southwest. In* Tumacacori *the artist represented the mission as it appeared during his visit in the mid-1920s. Once an important Spanish mission built in 1800 just three miles south of Tubac, Arizona, this enclave experienced raiding by the Apache for several decades, resulting in its abandonment by 1840. The ruin is presently being restored.*

ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TUCSON

Tucson Street Scene, c. 1900
Watercolor on paper by Herman Wendelborg Hansen

Interest of German-born Herman Wendelborg Hansen (1854–1924) in western America came from the novels of James Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's idealized Indians, pioneers, and backwoodsmen were extremely popular in Germany during the nineteenth century; so, it is not odd that, given a chance, Hansen headed west in 1879 on a commission, completing three works depicting railroad transportation in the Dakotas for advertising purposes. Prior to coming to the United States in 1877, he had studied in Hamburg and London, developing a meticulous graphic technique desirable for illustrations and advertising work. In this country, Hansen studied at the Chicago Art Institute and moved to San Francisco in 1882. Hansen's art has a limited range. Predominantly watercolors, his work is practically photographic.

CARL SCHAEFER DENTZEL

Walpi, 1884
Oil on canvas by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh

As a young man of seventeen, Frederick Dellenbaugh (1853–1935) served as an assistant topographer on John W. Powell's second trip (1871) down the Colorado River and through the Grand Canyon. Dellenbaugh recorded his trip in a diary (now in the New York Public Library) and made many sketches which were stylistically geological. He also published two books about his Grand Canyon experiences: Romance of the Colorado River *(1902) and* A Canyon Voyage *(1908). Dellenbaugh first recorded the Hopi culture during the 1880s; in his* Walpi, *1884, the approach was as before, that of a visual recorder, but the technique is more successful than in earlier works. Dellenbaugh documented a place, with no intellectual attempt at understanding the Hopi or how they related to their environment.*

Seeking to impress Congress with the importance of his geologic studies of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, Major John Wesley Powell invited the painter Thomas Moran (1837–1926) to join his third trip through the Canyon in 1873. Moran portrayed the Colorado chasm in such a gorgeous display of color and grandeur that he inspired the ensuing Congressional, artistic, and tourist interest in the region. During the next fifty years, Moran visited the Grand Canyon and its environs on many occasions. A prolific painter, he completed scores of works with little stylistic changes over the years. His compositional formula of a detailed foreground for the vast landscapes was constant, but later paintings often lack the overall intensity of his works executed in the 1870s.

NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.
COURTESY OF THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

The Chasm of the Colorado, 1873–74
Oil on canvas by Thomas Moran

Texas boots:
If drovers could see them now

New trails for old-time boots

by Michael Wallis
Color photos by Terrence Moore

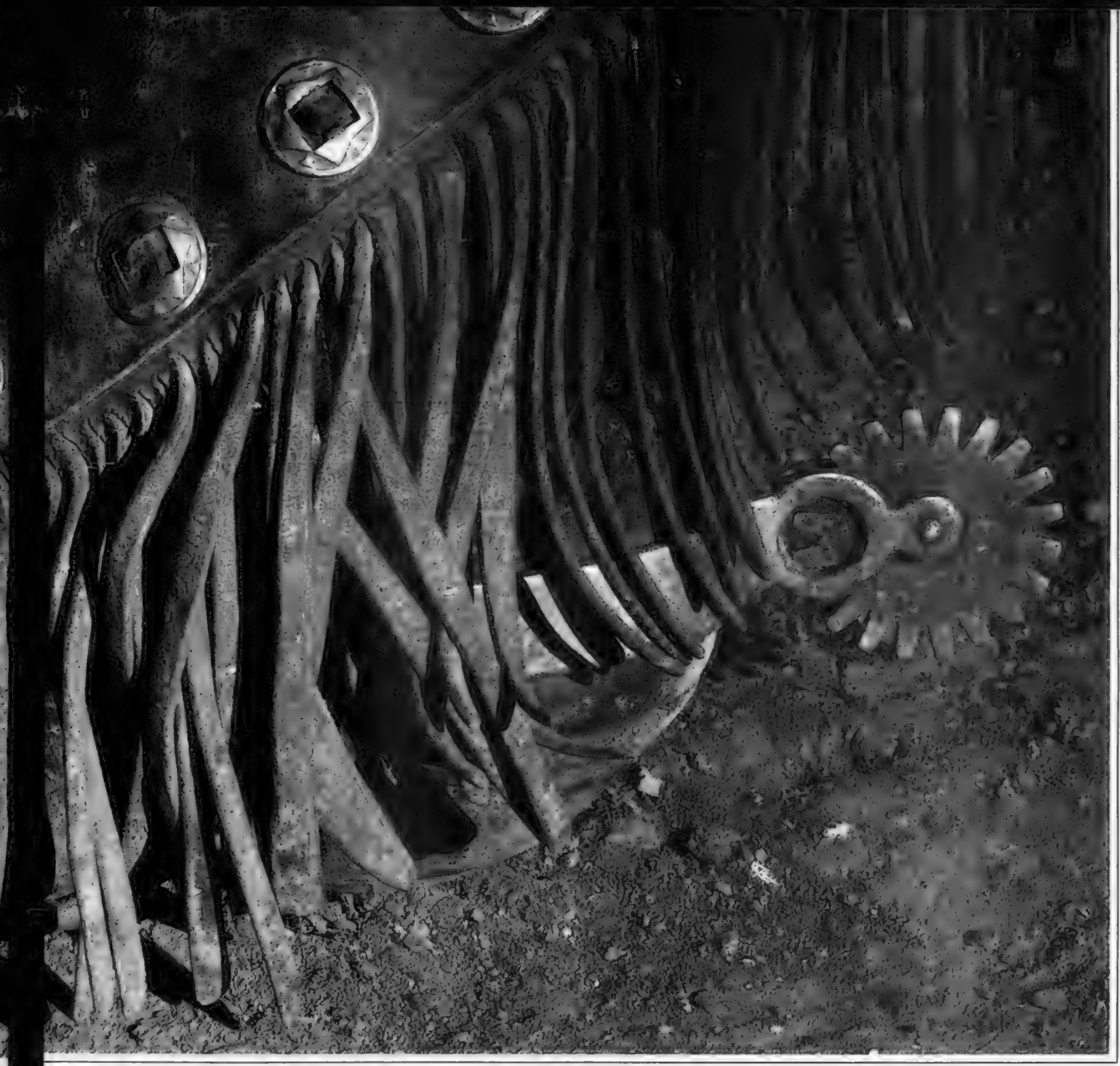
As a Texas day yawns awake, sunlight as potent as sips of tequila streams through the windows of the boot shop. Two cats named Thunder and Lightning sit on a bench and watch the old man rub his hands over a cowboy boot, caressing the French calf leather as if it were a woman's shoulder. Inspection complete, he squints at his signature inside the boot top. Charlie Dunn returns the boot to its mate and scratches the cats behind their ears. A smile spreads over his face. He is sure the boots will fit like a glove.

Charlie Dunn is eighty-two years old this year. Dunn's father made cowboy boots; his grandfather was a bootmaker. Charlie made his first pair of boots in 1909 when he was eleven. Dunn's hands are like supple cowhide; there is boot polish in his veins.

"People come to me and want to know about bootmaking. They want to know about coming into this trade," says Dunn. "They come to me and ask how long it would take them to learn the boot business. I just look them straight in the eye and ask: 'How long do you expect to live?'"

For almost three quarters of a century, Charlie Dunn has committed himself to making flawless cowboy boots. "You have to work all your life at this trade," says Dunn. "If you can't do that, if you can't give it your all, then don't ever start."

Dunn and others like him scattered across the Southwest continue to make boots by hand. They are guardians of a tradition rooted in the American West, the province of the cowboy.



TERRENCE MOORE

Here is the proud and weathered boot of a working cowboy on New Mexico's Vermejo Ranch. Worn by Curtis Fort, the boot beneath the chaps is a calfskin Tony Lama, chosen more for its function than fashion.

The tradition has been altered. There are no more range wars or long cattle drives; the pickup truck has replaced the horse. Space age computers direct feedlots; ranchers read *The Wall Street Journal;* stockmen at beef auctions wear gabardine suits. Still, cowboys survive.

In Texas alone there are 14 million head of cattle grazing on 155,000 ranches. Cowboys are needed to work those ranches. Fences have to be mended, Herefords branded, and there are dances to attend at favorite beer joints on Saturday nights. Every day, working cowboys climb out of their bunks, grumbling over paychecks and hangovers as they pull on their boots. They need those boots, as they always have, to get their job done. David Luskey of Luskey's Western Store remembers selling "a real fine calf boot for $12.50 back

around 1939.'' Says Luskey, ''We've been in the business of catering to the real live workin' cowboy for more than sixty-one years, and we aim to continue....They're our primary business, and they've always bought nothing but the best.''

The difference now is that fashion has made boots a coveted item for everyone's wardrobe. Cowboy boots are respectable—objects of pride. ''It used to be kids in small Texas towns wouldn't think of wearing cowboy boots. They wouldn't be caught dead in them,'' says a schoolmarm from the mesquite-studded Texas Hill Country. ''Only those who actually lived out on the ranches dared wear them. But that's all changed. Nowadays everybody wears boots. Even me.''

Although boot stores have cropped up everywhere, Texas remains the heart and soul of cowboy boot country. It is there the cowboy boot tradition is the strongest, and there that the Michelangelos of bootmaking live. From the one-man handcraft shops to the big assembly line operations, Texas bootmaking remains a business steeped in pride and governed by a sense of the past. ''When you put on a pair of cowboy boots from Texas,'' says Joe Justin, Jr., ''it's like you're putting on history.''

Justin should know. His grandfather, H. J. ''Daddy Joe'' Justin, is credited by most bootmakers with having made the first pair of genuine cowboy boots in 1879 in Spanish Fort, Texas. Three generations later the same name—a word synonymous with quality—appears inside boots manufactured by the Justin Boot Company, now headquartered in Fort Worth. And in Nocona, Texas, the last of Daddy Joe's seven children, Miss Enid Justin, runs her own cowboy boot empire. ''I cut my teeth on leather,'' says Miss Enid.

FROM HER TIDY NOCONA BOOT COMPANY office, the spirited Miss Enid tends to the business of making cowboy boots with some help from nephew Joe Justin, Jr. She was twelve when she started stitching boots at her father's side. She had been suspended from school for dancing at her brother's birthday party. ''We had a narrow-minded school board,'' explains Miss Enid. ''I decided to not go back to school. I went to work. I was my daddy's gal and whatever I learned I got from him.''

Miss Enid founded her boot company in 1925 after her brothers decided to move the Justin Boot Company to Fort Worth. ''I didn't want to move. I just couldn't do it. I felt Daddy Joe would have stayed right here,'' says Miss Enid. She borrowed $5,000 to begin her operation.

At first it seemed she might fail as her brothers had warned. ''Most cowboys shied away from buying boots from a woman,'' she recalls, ''but plain hard work kept us going.'' Miss Enid took in boarders, sold coal, and made seventy-five-cent hot lunches to keep the wolf from the door. She became her first salesperson, bumping down dusty west Texas cattle trails in a Model T Ford. ''I had my share of battles to fight,'' she says. ''Everything hasn't always been rosy. But, I've always looked for a silver lining in the clouds that have come my way.''

Miss Enid gets up each day at dawn. A pink Cadillac with ''EJ BOOT'' custom license plates carries her to work three blocks from her pink stucco home with its cowboy-boot weathervane. Silver hair in place, she peers through spectacles at mounds of paperwork, opens every piece of company mail, and signs paychecks for 350 employees. She approves the business trips to New York and Paris. Mostly she worries about her workers (''my children'') and makes sure the cowboy boots from her plant are as good as the ones Daddy Joe painstakingly made.

Says Enid, ''I do believe we make good boots here. I sure work on it. I've always said if we don't make but two pairs a day, let's make 'em right. That means good leather—best you can find—and good workmanship. It also means pride.''

Bootmaking, Miss Enid style, is an art involving more than two hundred separate steps. From start to finish, it takes four to six weeks to make a pair of Noconas. Today, at busy boot plants in Nocona and nearby Vernon, workers produce 1,500 pairs of boots a day using timeless handwork techniques and modern technology. Nocona's clientele has included Harry Truman and King Gustaf VI of Sweden, not to mention rodeo riders.

The story of the man who made the first cowboy boots is as interesting as his daughter Enid's. Herman Joseph ''Daddy Joe'' Justin had the bullheadedness of his Prussian ancestors. He did not want to be a tailor like his father or a cigar maker

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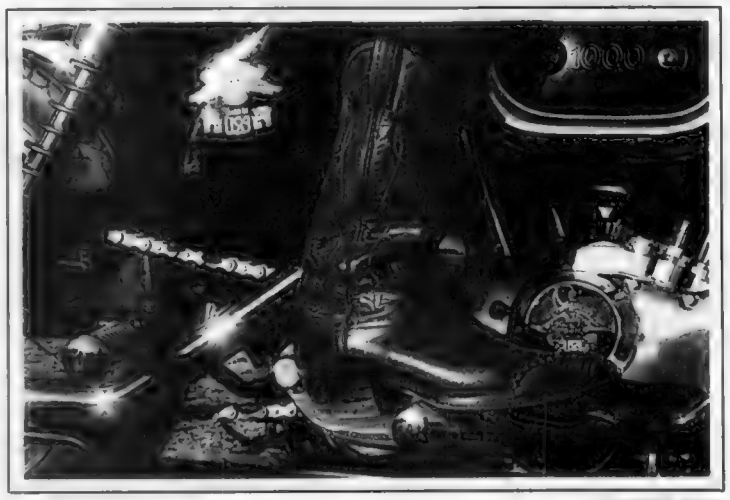
"When you put on a pair of cowboy boots from Texas, it's like you're putting on history."

Urban cowboys can now show off, thanks to the gyrations of mechanical bulls like this one at ''The Outlaw.'' Mattresses nearby are necessary. Recent reports show that injuries from barroom broncs are on the rise.

TERRENCE MOORE

TERRENCE MOORE

In the photo above, boots form a small but essential part of the New Mexico landscape as modern cowboy Curtis Fort cuts cattle in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. To the right, a different kind of rider shows he likes to travel in boots as well.



TERRENCE MOORE

like his brother. He wanted to make boots. He was twenty when he went to Texas to work as a cobbler, ending up in Spanish Fort with only a hammer, an awl, and two "shin plasters"—paper currency worth a quarter.

After getting a loan of thirty-five dollars from the town barber, Justin set up shop in a small wooden building that also served as his residence. The sign he hung over the front door said: "H. J. Justin, Bootmaker." Whether his first pair of boots went to some footsore cowboy driving longhorns or to the barber will never be known, but in 1879 Daddy Joe Justin started making cowboy boots.

Miss Enid explains: "Since he was near the Chisholm Trail, Daddy Joe had it in mind that the cowboys would come by his place, and they did when they were driving cattle. They'd stop on their way to Kansas, he'd measure their feet, and on their way back they'd stop and pick up their boots." Word spread about Justin's talent at bootmaking. In order to help meet the demand for boots in Montana, "Daddy Joe went to work and originated the self-measuring system, a package with a tape measure and chart with instructions for measuring your own feet. Now everybody uses it. I know mother told him at the time he should patent the idea, but he said, 'No, it'll help me, it'll help somebody else.' That's the way Daddy Joe was."

JUSTIN MADE COWBOY BOOTS in Spanish Fort for a decade, until the railroad came through and bypassed the town. It was then the company moved to Nocona, eighteen miles southwest. Business grew. Charles M. Russell wore Justins; so did Pancho Villa and Will Rogers. So did three cattle thieves who were strung up from a tree limb near Wichita Falls. John Justin, Sr., Daddy Joe's oldest son, liked to boast, "The three rustlers died with their boots on. And all of them had on our boots."

By 1911 the average price of a pair of Justins was eleven dollars. Five years later, his health failing, Daddy Joe turned the business over to his children. He died in 1918, leaving a legacy that would carry his name around the world. Today, with operations in Fort Worth and El Paso, the boot company is part of a massive conglomerate. And Daddy Joe's grandson, John Justin, Jr., is current chairman and chief executive officer of Justin Industries Inc.

TERRENCE MOORE

Roller skaters as well as rodeo riders like the western look. Wearing custom-made creations by Larry Mahan, this flashy skater tests her balance at a western truckstop. Such fancy footgear costs a pretty penny.

Boots are in vogue as cowboy chic runs wild

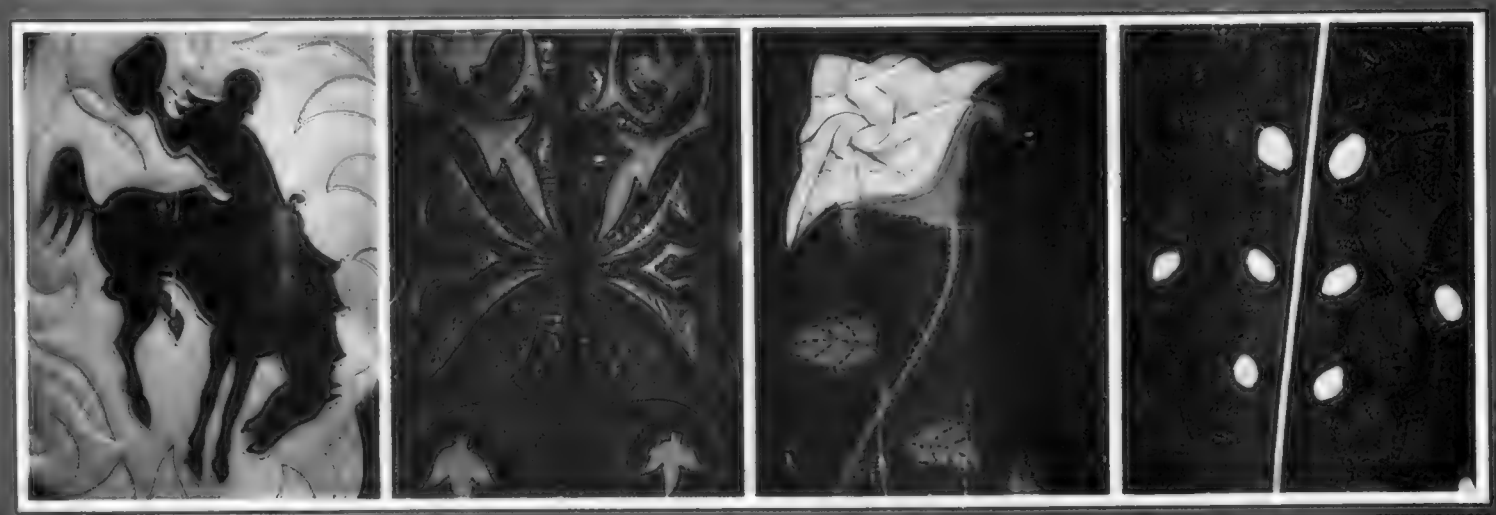
"Cowboy boots are an American item. That's why they sell so well," says Tony Lama, Jr., president of the Tony Lama Boot Company. Whatever the reason, boots sales are booming. Cowboy chic rages across the country like a wild fire. In Miami where the beat is Latin, cowboy boots are sported at jai alai matches. In Toronto cowboy-booted fans scream for their favorite hockey stars. Some city people even put rollers on expensive boots and skate down the boulevards. The western look is coveted everywhere. Once essential only to working cowboys on the range, boots are now worn to board meetings, cocktail parties, and grocery stores.

Not only have the wearers of cowboy boots changed, but so have the boots themselves. They are fancier, often low-heeled, and almost always spurless. Not too many years ago, cowboys wore boots made only from hides of animals they drove to market. The basic boot leather was calfskin. Today a wide variety of exotic leathers are also in demand: shark and swordfish, alligator and ostrich, anteater and iguana.

Cowboy boots come in all colors as well: not only black, tan, and brown—but also honey, peanut brittle, scarlet, and cognac. Some are still plain, but many have intricate designs and fancy inlays. The appeal of exotic leathers and ornamental styles, however, is based on fashion, not function. A well-made calfskin boot selling for $100 can be as good, if not better, than a gussied-up eel boot going for six times that price.

Cowboy boots reach customers in a wide variety of stores. While relatively cheap boots are staple items of discount stores in American shopping centers, expensive models are sold from specialty shops catering to rock and movie stars. At Cutter Bill's Western World stores in Dallas and Houston, big bucks are spent for the privilege of wearing outlandish boots. The stores are big and gaudy. Customers in three-piece suits are greeted by attractive cowgirls offering mixed drinks or mugs of beer from a frosty keg. Display cases feature solid-gold collar stays, $200 western shirts, and even velour cowboy hats trimmed in mink. Boots at Cutter Bill's range from $150 cowhides to tall-top, alligator Luccheses for $2,500. Luxuriously ornamented Malayian crocodile boots cost a hefty $6,000. Countless boots are shined to the rhythm of country western music broadcast from the store's loudspeakers.

Why the boot craze? According to Robert Kelly, manager of Cutter Bill's in Dallas, "American people can relate to cowboy boots." They can "reach and grab a piece of their heritage."



TERRENCE MOORE

Colorful and intricate designs mark many boots these days. The bronc and leaf patterns belong to Justin boots, the rose and cacti motifs to boots by Charlie Dunn.

COURTESY JUSTIN BOOT CO

Bootmakers hand down customs from generation to generation.

At age twenty—with hammer, awl, and plenty of determination—Herman Joseph Justin opened a boot shop in Spanish Fort, Texas. This photo of "Big Daddy Joe" was taken in the early 1900s, after he had moved the booming business to Nocona.

"We used to make boots for a practical purpose," says John Justin, Jr. "But about thirty years ago, we decided to change and upgrade our boots to what people like. The old work boots were just for practical wear, but today's boots are something else." The personal touch has not been lost. The Justins' first outside salesman, Jack Hamilton, is still making the rounds of Justin Boot accounts at age eighty-three.

Unfailing customs handed down from generation to generation have also made the Tony Lama Boot Company one of the "Big Three" Texas bootmakers along side Justin and Nocona. At the large Lama plant on Tony Lama Street in El Paso, visitors may hear the traditional Mexican celebration song "Las Mañanitas" coming from loudspeakers as Mexican-American craftsmen salute a fellow worker's birthday. On a

woman's birthday, her friends pin dollar bills to her blouse, and she can count on a corsage from her boss.

This is a factory where 3,400 pairs of boots are made every day, but the Lama plant has a certain neighborly feeling. An altar with candles and a crucifix stands against one wall. The smell of homemade tamales and burritos pours from lunch plates. Often two, even three, generations of bootmakers work in the plant together. A grandfather may be building lasts (the block form shaped like a human foot) while his son cuts boot tops and his grandson operates a sophisticated stitching machine.

The Lama Boot Company, which now has 4,400 dealers throughout the world, began in 1911 when Tony Lama, Sr., opened a modest boot shop in downtown El Paso. Having been a cobbler with the cavalry at Fort Bliss, Lama started by handling all of the Army's business with the help of a hired hand. He married a local girl, and they raised six children, all of whom went to work in the boot business—now a multimillion dollar operation. Lama died in 1974.

"The key to the success of the Lama company has been the style, workmanship, and family involvement," says Armando Romero, vice-president in charge of advertising and market research. "The family is here every day.... There's a great deal of what I'd call the personal touch." In 1976, after growing up with boots and putting in sixteen years on the road as a salesman, Tony Lama, Jr., took over the company reins. Lama wearers include one young man in Nebraska whose last name is Boots. He was named Tony Lama by his parents, and the company sends him a pair of cowboy boots for his birthday every year.

THE LUCCHESE BOOT COMPANY, established in San Antonio in 1883, also played an important part in the rich history of cowboy boots. Texans say that after God created human feet, he made the Lucchese family to look after them. Sicilians Sam and Joseph Lucchese (pronounced Lew Casey) began the company which came to serve soldiers and cowboys, presidents and princes. Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders wore Luccheses up San Juan Hill. The boots—top of the line, made to measure cowboy boots—were known for their style and elegance. And Sam Lucchese (1923–1980), grandson of

TERRENCE MOORE

According to octogenarian Charlie Dunn, it takes a lifetime to learn the art of bootmaking. In the photo above, Charlie fashions a wooden last. To the right, the hands of an apprentice trim a boot with care.

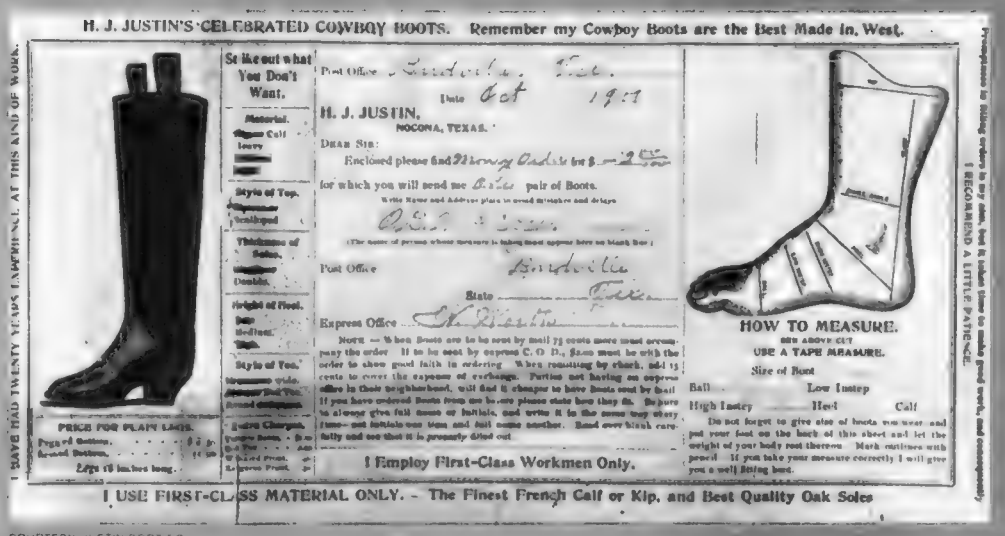
TERRENCE MOORE

Tips on getting a good fit

Getting a good fit is the most important aspect of boot buying. As the granddaddy of bootmaking, Charlie Dunn, puts it, "A boot ain't worth a damn unless it fits." Here are a few rules of thumb. First, keep in mind when choosing cowboy boots whether you are going to use them to ride, walk, play, or work. If you plan to ride the range and rope cattle, follow the same criteria the early cowboys used for their boot buying. Riding boots should have tapered toes, underslung heels, and tough soles. Decorative stitching isn't much help.

If you are only going to wear your boots once a week to the office or in the evening to a social function, there are still a few basics to remember. Proper fit of the instep is the most important since a boot does not have laces to hold it securely to the foot. The boot should not fit too tightly or too loosely, but it should be snug. A little pulling or tugging, especially with new boots, isn't unusual.

The ball of the foot and the boot should sit even. Beware of buying a boot too short. A short boot will force your foot too far forward, cramming toes into the toe box and eventually pushing the boot out of shape. Also, expect a new boot to slip slightly in the heel. The sole of a new boot is naturally stiff, but as the boot wears, the sole will flex, and slippage will stop. Some experts say new cowboy boots must be broken in gradually. Still others claim that if a boot is good, it will feel right the moment you pull it on.


H. J. JUSTIN'S CELEBRATED COWBOY BOOTS. Remember my Cowboy Boots are the Best Made in, West.

I HAVE HAD TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE AT THIS KIND OF WORK.

Strike out what You Don't Want.

Material. Calf Leave

Style of Top.

Thickness of Soles.

Style of Toe.

PRICE FOR PLAIN LASTS.

Post Office Gainesville, Tex. Date Oct 1907

H. J. JUSTIN, NOCONA, TEXAS.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find Money Order for $ 12.00 for which you will send me One pair of Boots.

Post Office Gainesville

State Texas

Express Office Gainesville

NOTE — When Boots are to be sent by mail 75 cents more must accompany the order. If to be sent by express C. O. D., $2.00 must be with the order to show good faith in ordering. When remitting by check, add 15 cents to cover the expense of exchange. Parties not having an express office in their neighborhood, will find it cheaper to have Boots sent by mail. If you have ordered Boots from me before please state how they fit. Be sure to always give full name or initials, and write it in the same way every time—not initials one time and full name another. Read over blank carefully and see that it is properly filled out.

I Employ First-Class Workmen Only.

HOW TO MEASURE.

SEE ABOVE CUT

USE A TAPE MEASURE.

Size of Boot

Ball Low Instep

High Instep Heel Calf

Do not forget to give size of boots you wear and put your foot on the back of this sheet and let the weight of your body rest thereon. Mark outlines with pencil. If you take your measure correctly I will give you a well fitting boot.

I RECOMMEND A LITTLE PATENT LEATHER FOR DRESS WORK.

I USE FIRST-CLASS MATERIAL ONLY. - The Finest French Calf or Kip, and Best Quality Oak Soles

COURTESY JUSTIN BOOT CO

Ingenious order forms from the Justin Boot Company enabled cowboys on the range to send in exact foot measurements. This particular boot order is dated October 1907.

the company's founder, became recognized as the foremost designer of cowboy boots in the world.

Sam took to boot leather when he was a boy growing up in a busy boot shop filled with pride, sweat, and many Mexican craftsmen. "I started working in my daddy's boot shop when I was just a little kid," Sam recalled last year. "I've been making cowboy boots since I can remember. That's all I've really ever done. It seems to have been enough."

A soft-spoken genius with boot leather, Sam fit boots for LBJ, John Wayne, General George Patton, and the Shah of Iran. He improved cowboy boot lasts, and designed ways of measuring feet that the long line of bootmakers before him had not imagined. He studied the human foot, "the most magnificent piece of engineering in all of nature," and he bought only the best hides he could find.

In 1970, feeling financial strain, Sam sold the Lucchese Boot Company to Blue Bell Inc., makers of Wrangler jeans. Sam stayed on as a consultant. First-class boots bearing the Lucchese name continued to come from San Antonio. But in 1977 a falling-out with the new owners over management policy caused Sam to sever all ties with the company. It was then he went to El Paso and joined the Lama family, close friends for more than thirty years. As head of Lama's design department, the famed bootmaker was given spacious quarters and lots of quiet time to ponder innovative designs. He chose expensive, supple leathers, and the flamboyant boots so characteristic of Lucchese made their appearance.

Continued on page 64

Cherished companions from a bygone day

Westerners and their pets

by Peter E. Palmquist

BE IT DOG, CAT, OR FANCY PARLOR PARROT, the presence of a domestic animal on the western frontier was a special symbol of personal comfort and civilization. Prized for their companionable qualities, many pets were also essential helpmates. Cats preyed on rats. Dogs aided the hunter, herded cattle, or romped with the children. The faithful horse, dairy cow, or playful farm goat were special members of the frontier family.

It is not at all unusual to find nineteenth-century photographs of the Westerner with his or her pet, or even views of the pet alone. Tiny children dwarfed by a giant dog—photographed amid the Victorian splendor of the region's most stylish gallery—vied with such touching images as that of a lonely frontiersman who posed stiffly with his pet deer in the

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

This charming view was collected in southern Oregon and probably included the photographer's own children. Most photographs of this type were taken for a personal record rather than for commercial clients. (Print from an 8½ x 6½ inch negative by an unknown photographer, c. 1895–1910.)

rustic setting of the traveling photographer. Some photographs, such as the one of the black man with his pet dog, are mementoes of a precious companion immortalized by photography. Other fine views picture the pride and happiness of a children's chariot drawn by special friends from a nearby barnyard. Together such photographs provide a gentle perspective on a time long past.

Carte de visite

The carte de visite (visiting card or CDV) style of photograph was patented in France in 1854. The greatest impetus for this type of photograph occurred in England when a "royal album" was published in August 1860, containing CDV portraits of the royal family. Within a short time the technique reached America where it became one of the most popular styles of photography until about 1890. Since it was cheap to produce, the CDV could be easily supplied to a mass market. The 2½ x 4 inch CDV was ideally suited for the practice of exchanging one's likeness with other members of the family clan. Because of the CDV the family photograph album became as important a parlor item as the Bible.

Cabinet photograph

The cabinet-size paper print is mounted on a card approximately 4½ x 6½ inches, in much the same manner as the carte de visite. Popular between 1868 and 1900 the cabinet photograph, with a larger picture area than the CDV, became an important showcase for the marvelous detail and extravagance

TRINITY COUNTY MUSEUM

Photographs of undomesticated animals taken in their natural environment are extremely rare in the nineteenth century. Images such as this one showing a man with his pet deer are much more common but still a considerable challenge to the studio photographer. (Cabinet photograph by W. T. Worthington, Trinity County, California, c. 1880.)

which accompanied the Victorian era. Retouching of negatives became essential since the larger pictures often revealed previously hidden flaws, such as wrinkles. Collectors of photographica prize cabinet photographs because of the elegant clothing, elaborate studio props, and interesting characters that they show. Other collectors value the ornate, photographers' advertisements which often grace the lower margin or

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Photographs of living birds are among the rarest studio images from the past century. Because of the excellence of this portrait, the subject was probably a prized member of the photographer's household. (Cabinet card by J. Vansant, Eureka, California, c. 1886–1890.)

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

If nineteenth-century animal portraits seem unremarkable by today's standards of stop-action photography, one must remember that camera exposures were often measured in minutes rather than split seconds during the 1860s. Posing chairs, head clamps, and other devices were commonly used to immobilize the sitter during the prolonged exposures. Since these instruments were unsuitable for pets, the photographer needed endless patience to ensure a sharp picture. (Carte de visite by Hamilton & Kellogg, San Francisco, 1865.)

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

HUMBOLDT COUNTY COLLECTION CLARKE MUSEUM

Views like this are very special examples of the universal affinity between children and their pets. Clearly, brothers George and Howard Prescott were immensely pleased with their miniature wagon and patient goat. The photographer probably moved his studio camera to the front porch of his establishment in order to immortalize this scene. (Tintype about 7 x 5 inches by an unknown photographer, Eureka, California, c. 1884.)

Next to pet deer, bear cubs were the most popular native pets. The snap-shot character of this image probably indicates an amateur photographer. (Print of approximately 4 x 5 inches by an unidentified western photographer, c. 1900–1910.)

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Portraits of blacks in the West are uncommon, especially with pets. However, James Irwin—bootblack at the Franco-American Hotel in Yreka, California—had a friendly relationship with the area's photographers, and many images of him survive. Because of his colorful nature he was affectionately dubbed "Col. James Irwin, Esq." Irwin had a passion for dogs as shown by later photographs of him with a new dog to replace the one shown here. (Cabinet card by Jacob Hansen, Yreka, California, c. 1875–1880.)

SISKIYOU COUNTY MUSEUM

back of the cabinet mount.

Both the CDV and the cabinet-style photographs were produced with a wet-plate negative until about 1883. After that date most photographers switched to a factory-prepared dry plate. **AW**

Peter E. Palmquist *is the University Photographer at Humboldt State University, Arcata, California. His special interest is nineteenth-century, California photographic history.*

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

In contrast with the typical sparseness of earlier studio furnishings, this artificial woodland scene provides a comfortable setting for man and dog. During the Victorian age many urban galleries created elaborate, even ludicrous, backdrops and accoutrements for their patrons. (Oversize cabinet photo by W. H. Fuller, Souvenir Studio, San Francisco, 1885–1886.)

Letters *(Continued from page 17)*

Dear Mr. Pew:

I have appreciated your editorial in the current issue of THE AMERICAN WEST concerning the importance of living history and particuarly of cowboys still riding into tight spots where machinery can't go. I have spent the last several years riding, writing and filming with a veteran cow foreman here on the Diamond Cross Ranch in SE Montana with whom I'm doing a tape recorded book that we hope will be a fitting sequel to my mother's *We Pointed Them North* (with Teddy Blue Abbott).

Sincerely,
Margot Liberty
Birney, Mont.

Dear Editors:

My November/December 1980 issue arrived a few days ago in a flimsy partial paper wrapper. The periodical was jammed into our mailbox and emerged badly and permanently creased. When this happens to my copy of *Newsweek* it doesn't make much difference, but I *do* save my copies of THE AMERICAN WEST.

Sincerely,
Elliott Mozée
Watsonville,
Calif.

Dear Editor:

I strongly urge your bindery to return to the elegant and impressive book-type of binding. I know all of the arguments about cost-cutting and making production more simple. Please return to the former style of binding, even if subscriptions go up a couple of dollars a year.

Sincerely yours,
Ray R. Rogalla
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE AMERICAN WEST welcomes relevant letters from its readers. We will endeavor to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, THE AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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OWNER HELEN BATES, HONOLULU PHOTO BY JOHN HOWELL-BOOKS

Mountain retreats in two nations hide the mysteries of a California legend.

On the trail of Joaquin Murieta

by Stan Steiner

The "Most Celebrated Outlaw in California," the "Scourge of the Gold Camps," the "Ghost of Sonora," the "Robin Hood of El Dorado," the "Napoleon of Crime," "El Patrio" the patriot of native Californios.

Joaquin Murieta leaps onto the stage of nineteenth-century California history with a reputation grander and more romantic than the words of a mariachi ballad.

Of all these men which one was the real Joaquin Murieta? Who was he really? Where did he come from and how did he live and die? What did he look like? Was he a bandit, a patriot, a revolutionary, or merely one more legend of the West, a tall tale told by storytellers? For that matter, did he really exist?

The legend has fascinated me for years, and during that time I have worn off a lot of shoe leather on the stone trails of Sonora, Mexico, and in the hills of the Mother Lode country of California, determined to unravel fact from fiction.

But how do you write the history of campfire tales and folk songs? No one to this day has written a documented history of Joaquin Murieta. In archives and libraries where researchers dream of finding hidden truths, it is unlikely that any clues to

Joaquin Murieta: The Vaquero, 1875
Oil on canvas by Charles Christian Nahl

Folklore gives Murieta differing roles in California history. Often considered an outlaw, he is here a dashing vaquero demonstrating his skill as a horseman astride a spirited animal.

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the mystery of Murieta will be found. There is no evidence that he or any of his compadres wrote so much as an autobiographical letter. Nor did they leave any as-told-to memoirs in their mountain hideouts or upon the hastily erected gallows where they uttered their necessarily brief, if boastful, farewells.

Nor are official documents of those days of much help to a historian. They came mostly from law enforcement groups like the California Rangers, who had been established specifically to capture Murieta, hardly an objective source, or from the state legislature whose bias was reflected in the wondrous honesty of their "Greaser Act" of 1850, or from the flamboyant newspaper stories of the time which did not pretend to report the news so much as improve upon it.

Nor do the usual historical records offer much factual evidence. "There are no known photographs of Joaquin Murieta, no specimen of handwriting, no tangible proof of any kind," complained Robert Greenwood in *The California Outlaw.* It is small wonder that Greenwood, as well as others who sought the history of the elusive Murieta, doubted the bandit's existence.

Though there is little factual evidence about Murieta's life, there is abundant evidence about the times in which he lived. The legend and the man were both created by the gold rush.

Gold was discovered in 1841, not in the Mother Lode of the Sierra but in the onion field of Rancho Alamos y Agua Caliente, owned by Don Francisco Lopez, in the mountains of San Fernando, north of Los Angeles. After word of the gold discovery spread to the mining towns of Sonora in northern Mexico, Sonorans flocked to Los Angeles. Many of these men were mestizos and Indians whose ancestors had worked in the silver mines of the Spaniards ever since the conquest. They were Opatas, Mayos, Yaquis. And amongst them were two young men, Joaquin Murieta and his brother-in-law Reyes Feliz. When gold was discovered in the Sierra a few years later, many Sonorans joined the migration to the new gold fields to the north.

"These Sonorans overran the country," wrote one old-timer Hugo Reid. It was estimated that between ten thousand and twenty-five thousand Sonorans journeyed through Los Angeles each spring on their way to the mines. Once in the gold fields the Sonorans staked some of the richest claims. They were experienced miners and did quite well. It was they who introduced the use of the *beata,* the method of "panning" for gold. By the time the forty-niners arrived from the East, the Sonorans were already working the best claims.

In his *Early Recollections of the Mines,* pioneer James Carson recalled that the earliest mining camps were neighborly and peaceful. Crime was unknown. Violence was rare. "Honesty was the ruling passion amongst the miners," he said.

The forty-niners who poured into the mines by tens of thousands changed that. "Murder, thefts and robberies soon became the order of the day," Carson wrote, and it was the Sonorans who suffered most. Men fought one another over mining claims, individually and in mobs. Riots swept through the mines aimed at running the "foreigners" off their claims; in Tuolumne County "foreigners" were ordered to leave within fifteen days. Lynchings became common.

"Many [of the Sonorans] by ill-treatment of brutal Yankees were goaded to despair and shed blood for gratification," Carson said. It was "this brutal treatment [that] turned many of the Mexicans to a life of banditry," commented Richard Coke Wood, a California historian.

And so it was that Murieta was "goaded" into a career of banditry. In his classic *Mining Camps,* published in 1884, Charles Howard Shinn concluded: "Joaquin Murieta and his outlaw reign were the natural result not of deliberate injustice on the part of the American miners as a body, but of blameworthy carelessness that too often permitted the viler elements in the camp to enforce by actions their rude race-hatred of 'greasers.'" It was "one of the darkest threads" in western history.

In a small grove of trees between the towns of Sonora and Murphys, Murieta built an idyllic cabin for his young wife and himself. Unfortunately, his cabin lay in the midst of the riot-torn mining camps. He was reportedly attacked and beaten several times. And his wife, Rosita, was raped and murdered by a group of Yankee miners. "That was what made a bandit out of Joaquin," said his second cousin, Robert Richards of Monterey.

Murieta was quite young then—in his early twenties. He may have possessed that foolish courage of youth. Something of a dandy, he had been a vaquero, a horseman of sorts, a petty gambler, and guitarist. He was said to have "style." For whatever reason, he soon gathered his band of highwaymen. There is not much evidence that they committed many robberies, but they were blamed for many. Murieta became a symbol. Murders and robberies for hundreds of miles up and down the Mother Lode and the valleys of the San Joaquin were charged against him. He was accused of being in half a dozen places on one single night.

In the Sonora mining camps it was whispered that Murieta had not been gathering a band of outlaws but of revolutionaries. That may have been a dream. But Murieta and Tiburcio Vasquez, who was to follow in the former's footsteps, both "had ambitions toward effecting an uprising or revolution" against "the Yankee invaders of California," said Greenwood; and many thought that "Murieta was on the verge of executing a grand plan for a revolution against the Yankees" from his mountain hideout. He was *El Patrio.* The venerable Major Horace Bell of the Los Angeles Rangers agreed with that judgment. "In any country in America except the United States the operations of Joaquin Murieta would have been dignified by the title of revolution, and the leader with the title of rebel chief," Bell said; for there was a dim line of "demarcation between rebel and robber, pillager and patriot."

The memory of Murieta not as an outlaw but as a patriot persists in California barrios to this day. His cousin Robert Richards expressed this feeling: "To the Mexicans he was a great liberator come out of Mexico to take California back from the hands of the gringos. They did not call his looting and killing banditry," Richards said. "They called it war."

And so, Governor Bigler of California offered a reward for the capture of not one but of five "Joaquins," each with a different last name; he did not say if he thought that Murieta was five different men. In pursuit of the reward and of Murieta, the California Rangers were formed under the leadership of Captain Harry Love. A few days before the reward offer was to expire, the Rangers came upon a camp of Mexicans on Cantua Creek, a dry wash outside Cantua Canyon. Love ordered one of the Mexicans beheaded, had the head preserved in a large jar of whiskey, and then exhibited the grisly prize throughout the state as evidence that the outlaw Joaquin Murieta had indeed been captured.

Some said it was the wrong head. Love had beheaded the wrong Mexican, said Constable Ben Marshall of Murphys, who had known Murieta well. And some questioned why the captured Mexicans had been camped on an open plain outside Cantua Canyon when Murieta's hideout was merely a few miles away, inside the canyon.

Soon, both the head in its jar of whiskey and Murieta, himself, were to disappear. Some said that he had escaped. There were rumors that he may have lived for thirty years in the mountains of Sonora after he was "beheaded." There were letters. There were eye-witness reports.

It may be that some of the official documents and written records concerning Murieta were stolen or lost. At any event, they vanished. For years, the people who had known Murieta refused to talk about him; they did not want to be implicated by the bitter memories that had shadowed his life and death. And his family was sworn to silence. His cousin Robert Richards put it this way some years ago: "Joaquin was a mystery for eighty years. We did not want his identity to be known. So, we did not tell his story."

When I began to seek the unknown and unwritten history of Joaquin Murieta, I decided there was only one way to do it—with my feet. To walk with his footsteps, as they say, even though I knew that after one hundred years his footsteps would not be easy to find and follow. For several years I have been walking and riding up and down every path, no matter how dim, that Murieta is said to have trod.

I went as a pilgrim, in search of history.

These paths have led me through the old gold rush camps, across the San Joaquin Valley, into the mountains of Sonora, and to remote villages of Mexican Indians, where I came face to face with the improbabilities of human memory that we call history. Mile upon mile, I have traced and retraced a pathway of remembered legends. Sometimes it has led me nowhere, sometimes into blind alleys. But sometimes I have found the unexpected.

On these elusive trails my best guides have not been the occasional scraps of paper history that have come my way,

Joaquin Murieta, 1868
Oil on canvas by Charles Christian Nahl

This dramatic rendition, portraying Murieta as a handsome, wild-eyed bandito, helped to crystalize the popular image of one of the most flamboyant characters of Spanish California.

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though these have been useful, but the people whom I have met. They have offered me not merely oral history but their memories of ancestors, of the grave bones of their past, and the secrets hidden in the ancient suitcases underneath their beds.

So it was that day when I was riding on the old Quartzburg stagecoach road, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. It was a furiously hot summer afternoon, and I was parched by thirst. On coming to a wooden, weathered cabin I stopped and asked for a glass of water. An old woman came to the door. "Come on in," she beckoned.

The room was full of history that lay scattered about on the floor like piles of old clothes. Mrs. Sanchez, the cabin owner, encouraged me to rest while she went out back to her well to draw the water. Once my thirst was quenched, I told her of my search for Murieta.

"Well, if that isn't a coincidence," she smiled. "He was a sort of relative of mine." She told me that in the "old days" when Murieta's men had raided one of the mining camps they would come riding down the road in front of her cabin on the way to their hideout in Hornitos, the next town. Often there would be a posse in pursuit. Her grandfather, she said, would lead his flocks of sheep onto the road along the ridge and block the path of the lawmen.

Maybe she noticed my skeptical eyes. In the Mother Lode, everyone has a Murieta story. In a huff, but without a word, she pulled an old, broken trunk from beneath her bed, opened it, and with a self-satisfied grin displayed a yellowed marriage license indicating that her grandmother was married to a man whose name I recognized as that of a lieutenant of Murieta. "You see," the old lady said. "All history is not in your books."

It was true. There was no romance or history of Murieta that I knew of that mentioned the old lady's grandfather and his flocks of sheep. Had she made up the story? But then, had she made up the marriage license?

Memories of the past often contradict not only one another but themselves. They are difficult to grasp and hold onto. But written histories may be as elusive; they sometimes slip right through one's fingers like a faded and yellowed piece of paper that crumbles in your hand. On my search for Murieta, that happened to me in the rectory of the Cathedral of Alamos in Sonora, Mexico. Behind its massive, fortress-like doors I heard there was a dusty treasury of Murieta history.

The old silver capital of Sonora, the city of Alamos has a majestic cathedral that faces the plaza with its strange Moorish bandstand. I went there in search of confirmation or denial of a passing remark by that old vaquero Arnold Rojas; he had stated

Continued on page 66

OWNER JOHN HOWELL-BOOKS, SAN FRANCISCO PHOTO BY JOHN HOWELL-BOOKS

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

The Real Work: Interviews & Talks 1964–1979

by Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

The Real Work: Interviews & Talks 1964–1979 *by Gary Snyder (New Directions Publishing Corp., New York, 1980; 189 pp., cloth $10.95, paper $4.95).*

ENGINE-ROOM STOKER, lumberjack, hitchhiker, vegetable gardener, Buddhist monk, Pulitzer Prize winning poet (for the book *Turtle Island*), Gary Snyder comes to *The Real Work* having accomplished some very real work himself.

"What exactly is 'the real work'?" Snyder is asked in one of the fourteen interviews and talks published in this volume.

His answer: "All of us will come back again to hoe in the ground, or gather wild potato bulbs with digging sticks, or hand-adze a beam, or skin a pole, or scrape a hive—we're never going to get away from that.

"We've been living a dream that we're going to get away from it, that we won't have to do it again.... We'll always do that work. That work is always going to be there. It might be stapling papers, it might be typing in the office. But we're never going to get away from that work, on one level or another."

Snyder has made his own real work, whether it has been his basic experience with physical labor or his intellectual work with words and rhythm in his poetry, an expression accomplished with high awareness and discrimination. The titles of these interviews hint at some of the directions his work has taken. From "Landscape of Consciousness" through "The Zen of Humanity" and "Tracking Down the Natural Man," on to "The Bioregional Ethic," these talks with Snyder form the author's first non-poetry collection since *Earth House Hold* (1969).

For those readers who are arriving at Snyder for the first time *The Real Work* is an ideal introduction; for readers familiar with his poetry and previous prose work it is a refreshing collection of his clear thinking and unique sense of our particular time and place.

Snyder, like a handful of other writers since Carl Jung, has discovered the similarities of myth, religion, and his own personal dream content as well as the product of his meditations and has fashioned that collective material into words that set off little explosions in our thought process and our own deeper memory.

"What it comes down to simply is this," Snyder tells us. "If what the Hindus, the Buddhists, the Shoshone, the Hopi, the Christians are suggesting is true, then all of industrial/technological civilization is really on the wrong track, because its drive and energy are purely mechanical and self-serving—*real* values are someplace else.

"The real values are within nature, family, mind, and into liberation.... Right Practice [a part of the real work], then, is doing the details."

These talks tell us how Snyder has come to perform the details in a life that has had more variety than most. And they let us hear these details in a voice that is Snyder's own unique blend of East and West, Native American and rural White, blue collar and academic.

There is a quality of toughness in Snyder and his writing, a kind of conservatism that cuts across the loose meaning that word has come to carry in our society and gets down to the basics of work, family, and community.

Few poets writing today are more careful with words than Snyder. To hear him read his own poetry is almost like sitting at table with a great lover of good food. The words come out of his mouth as though each one has been thoroughly tasted, tested for quality, and spoken only when the speaker is finally satisfied that it is the best of its kind.

This sense of care comes through in these interviews; so does the sense of humor and the sense of falibility. Snyder is so sure of the progress of his own ideas, that without these two latter qualities some of the ideas might be hard to take. But as they are presented here we always have that sense of a smile behind the seriousness.

There's no doubt that Snyder has become a major poet-spokesman for a generation of trees, mountains, animals, and the ethic of bioregions, as well as a leading philosopher for a dispersed tribe of like-minded people across the nation.

This book is fascinating reading. Each interview has at least one powerful mind-hit that keeps the echoes going for a long time. For those readers interested in an original approach to the rationale behind preserving Native American values as well as some of our own most basic European values, this book presents material that is not the usual fare of conservationists.

Besides, Snyder is as good a talker and storyteller as he is a poet. **AW**

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Gathering What the Great Nature Provided: Food Traditions of the Gitksan *by The People of 'Ksan (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1980; 128 pp., illus., appen., $17.95).*

Hours of carefully recorded tapes provide the wisdom of the elders regarding traditional methods of food preparation used by the 'Ksan (Gitksan) people of northern British Columbia. While stressing the cultural importance of food, this lavishly illustrated book offers recipes and "hints for cooks" in an easy-to-follow style.

Los Angeles: The Enormous Village 1781—1981 *by John D. Weaver (Capra Press, Santa Barbara, California, 1980; 224 pp, illus., biblio., index, $8.95 paper).*

The extravagant, fascinating story of Los Angeles is told in a popular, witty, yet perceptive manner.

Ho for California! Women's Overland Diaries from the Huntington Library *edited and annotated by Sandra L. Myres (Huntington Library, San Marino, California, 1980; 314 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $20.00).*

The diaries of five women who trekked to California in the middle of the nineteenth century reflect individual rather than typical experiences. Pleasures and hardships of the journey are described by journal entries.

Edward S. Curtis in the Land of the War Canoes: A Pioneer Cinematographer in the Pacific Northwest *by Bill Holm and George Irving Quimby (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1980; 132 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $19.95).*

A tribute to the genius of Edward Curtis, famed ethnologist and photographer of North American Indians, this over-sized volume illustrates the story of a little-known film which Curtis made in 1914, portraying the customs of the Kwakiutl Indians of the Northwest Coast. Through years of careful work the authors have restored the long-neglected film and added sound. Fascinating photographs abound.

Murder by Mail and Other Postal Investigations *by Robert Bruce Clifton (Dorrance & Company, Ardmore, Pennsylvania, 1979; 225 pp., index, $7.95).*

A postal inspector for twenty-four years, the author relates colorful details of postal crimes over the last century, many of them in the West.

Packin' In On Mules and Horses *by Smoke Elser and Bill Brown (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana, 1980; 158 pp., illus., appen., $9.95 paper).*

The authors offer down-to-earth instruction on every aspect of packing, from choosing equipment to the handling of stock—all with the purpose of making your trip enjoyable. How-to pictures in profusion are attractive and helpful.

This Was Klondike Fever *by Harold Merritt Stumer (Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington, 1978; 159 pp., illus., $14.95).*

A familiar style and an abundance of nostalgic photographs tell the story of every-day life in the Klondike during the early 1900s.

The Tree at the Center of the World: A Story of the California Missions *by Bruce Walter Barton (Ross-Erikson Publishers, Inc., Santa Barbara, California, 1980; 321 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $9.95 paper, $19.95 cloth).*

A wealth of photographs and anecdotes enhances this carefully researched and fondly related history of California missions and the men who founded them.

Hopi Kachina: Spirit of Life *ed. by Dorothy K. Washburn (for The California Academy of Sciences by University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1980; 158 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., $14.95 paper).*

Dedicated to the Hopi Tricentennial, 1680–1980, this handsome over-sized volume offers an introduction to the history of Hopi culture and concentrates on the role of kachinas, the

supernatural messengers who mediate between the harsh environment of Arizona and the needs of the Hopi people. Striking color and black-and-white photographs make this an appealing work.

Cowboy Fun *by Frank Dean (Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., New York, 1980; 128 pp., illus., index, $8.95).*

Frank Dean presents an easy-to-read words-and-pictures account of the great trick riders, ropers, fast-draw artists, knife throwers, and rodeo clowns with details on the specific tricks which made them famous.

Lost New Orleans *by Mary Cable (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1980; 235 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $21.95).*

From its beginning as a village on the Mississippi, New Orleans has offered interesting architecture. Profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs, this work offers a look at structures, both public and private, which the city has lost through fire and planned demolition during the last two and one-half centuries.

Nomad: George A. Custer in Turf, Field and Farm, *ed. by Brian W. Dippie (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1980; 174 pp., illus., notes, index, $22.50).*

Between 1867 and 1875, Custer wrote fifteen letters under the pseudonym Nomad for a New York sportsman's journal, describing western experiences. These accounts and the editor's careful notes present new insights into Custer's character.

On the Trail: The Life and Tales of "Lead Steer" Potter *by Jean M. Burroughs (Museum of New Mexico Press, Santa Fe, 1980; 148 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $12.95).*

As a young man, Colonel Jack Potter (1864–1950) drove cattle across the eastern plains of New Mexico. In addition to an account of Potter's colorful life, this book offers eighteen of the delightful tall tales that he told.

Tour Guide to Old Western Forts *by Herbert M. Hart (Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, and The Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colorado, 1980; 212 pp., illus., maps, biblio., $22.50).*

This attractive, over-size volume gives information on over one thousand old forts and camps in seventeen western states. Informational paragraphs are enhanced by old photographs and drawings. **AW**

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Lucchese's association with Lama was short lived, however. He died of cancer on May 20, 1980. "I think he became the greatest bootmaker this world will ever see," says Cosimo Lucchese of his brother Sam. Others agree. "Sam was something," recalls David Beltran, Lucchese's assistant at Lama. "Near the end he'd insist on coming down here to the plant to see his work. . . . The man was dedicated."

One of Lucchese's last dreams was to establish a bootmakers' guild to make sure that the tradition of quality bootmaking in Texas continued. He knew that bootmakers who truly care were becoming an endangered species. "He thought it was a shame there were so few real bootmakers left," recalls Jackie Lucchese, Sam's widow. "He didn't like all the machines. He said they were designed to sew on shirt pockets, not make cowboy boots."

Although the name Lucchese still appears on ready-made boots by Blue Bell and Lucchese designs continue to inspire Tony Lama boot builders, something has gone out of bootmaking in Texas. For the first time in almost a century, there is not a Lucchese making cowboy boots.

THERE IS STILL, HOWEVER, CHARLIE DUNN. Born in 1898 on a houseboat in the Arkansas River, Dunn celebrated his seventh birthday by hiring on with a one-legged Texas bootmaker. Now Dunn is eighty-two. "You have to know the foot," he says. "I've studied the foot—the bones, bone structure, nerves, blood vessels, and tendons. You have to know the foot before you can ever make good cowboy boots. There can't be any guess work . . . to get a good fit."

Dunn has made boots for saddle tramps and heads of state. His boots adorn the feet of outlaws and movie stars. Polio victims and other "special fits" can wear cowboy boots thanks to Dunn's designs. Charlie Dunn is considered the master. Nobody is better at turning out custom-made cowboy boots.

Charlie's retirement in 1975 lasted only two years. A pair of enterprising young businessmen lured Dunn back to Austin, bought him a house, and built a tiny boot shop in the back yard. They formed a business called Texas Traditions. Today Dunn and six apprentices produce about ten pairs of boots every week and try to whittle down an eighteen-month backlog

A line of finished boots comes under the expert eye of Sam Lucchese, whose grandfather founded the Lucchese Boot Company in San Antonio in 1883. Sam died May 20, 1980—a world famous boot designer.

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of custom boot orders. Prices start at $500 for basic cowhide; exotics start at $800.

"Charlie's the best there is," says Jim Holenbeck, Dunn's assistant, age twenty-nine. "To work with a man eighty-two years old who's been in the profession since he was a boy means everything. He's passing on things to us that he's learned from other masters." Lee Miller, a twenty-six-year-old Dunn apprentice, puts it this way: "The man is history. He is showing us things about bootmaking that are lost."

Working long hours, Dunn wears a beret and apron. He pauses from his bench only to measure feet or nibble at a light brunch. His personal touch affects every stage of the boot-building process. The lasts, foot-shaped pieces of mesquite, are carefully built up until Dunn is sure of a perfect match between the last and the foot he has traced. He watches the work of the tops man building the uppers, and he helps select the leather. He creates the intricate designs. And finally, he watches as the bottom man builds up the shoe portion of the boot and fits the insole to the underside of the last. A tough all-leather toe box is inserted in the toes, making the boots so strong a falling boulder would not break them down.

Dunn boots are pampered and made over. They are hand-sewn, waxed, polished, and buffed. Proud that they make cowboy boots by hand, Dunn and his apprentices have no intention of changing their ways. At the close of each day, Charlie Dunn is able to leave his bench to glory in the rich Texas twilight, knowing he remains a keeper of a dying tradition.

"We might not make many boots here, but what we do make are good," says Dunn. Nobody can ask for more. **AW**

Michael Wallis *is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in many American and European publications. He received his first pair of cowboy boots for his second birthday in Missouri. He still wears boots today in Miami, Florida.*

Boot origins go back centuries

Cowboy boots as we know them were first made about a century ago. Horsemen, however, have relied on protective footwear for thousands of years. Historians trace the origin of the cowboy boot as far back as the fifth century when Attila's Huns rode in challenge to the Roman Empire. It is also likely that some ancestor of the cowboy boot equipped the twelfth-century horsemen of Genghis Khan. For centuries the riders of the Mongolian steppes chose boots with distinctive high heels. The early Spanish settlers and Mexican vaqueros of southern California also wore ornate boots that are related to the western-style boot today. Other influences include early European riding boots and the high-top boots issued by the U.S. Cavalry.

Early American cowhands wore flat-heeled, round-toed boots they brought home from the Civil War. The true cowboy boot appeared in the late 1870s, featuring a reinforced arch and higher heel. Later cowboy boots took on semi-functional frills such as "mule ears," those floppy grips which make boots easier to pull on.

Function rather than fashion, however, has always been of primary concern to the cowboy. Traditionally, he

COURTESY OF MRS. SAM LUCCHESE

has done most of his work on top of a 1,000-pound horse, whose movements were at best varied and at worst uncertain. The most common form of death among early cowboys was being dragged to death by a horse. Their boots, designed to protect legs and ankles, were built to leave the stirrup when the rider left the saddle. Cowboys commonly had this valuable part of their outfit custom-made and would pay as much as fifty dollars a pair, the equivalent of about two months' wages. If a cowboy could not get to a bootmaker, he would spread an order blank on the bunkhouse floor and trace the shape of his foot.

Each part of the cowboy's boot was designed for a specific purpose. Boots had narrow toes to find the stirrup. Cowboys preferred a tight vamp, the part covering the instep and toe. The sole was usually made of thin leather to allow a good feel of the stirrup. And the tops were often seventeen inches high to prevent twigs and gravel from getting inside. The high heels held well in the stirrup, and the cowboy could dig them into the dirt when he was roping from the ground. The boot leather was usually imported French calf. Clearly, these boots were not made for walking.

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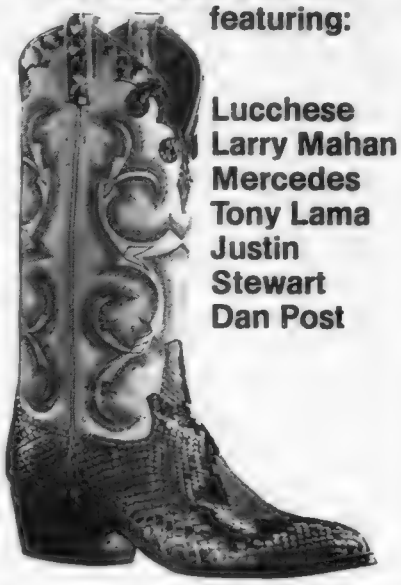

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that the old-time Californio cowboys used to say that Murieta was born of Indian miners in a village near Alamos. They said he was a Mayo Indian.

In the cathedral I asked a young priest if I might see the baptismal and marriage records of the early 1800s. He brought me a handful of crumbling papers tied with a piece of string. Most of the church papers had been burned or lost during the many revolutions that had ravaged the city and the church.

Late that evening I found the baptismal paper of a boy whose father had the same name as one of Murieta's brothers. I asked the priest if he knew whether or not this man was the brother of *El Pistolero*. "Who?" he replied, startled. "Murieta," I said. "You know, the *hidalgo de California*, the great *Bandito. El Pistolero!*"

The priest turned and walked away. He did not answer, and I never saw him again. After one hundred years the mention of the name of Murieta still produced a silent stare. But the limping porter of the cathedral came over to me and whispered in my ear: "Si, señor. It is the family of Murieta."

On the following day and the day after, I continued to search through the old church papers for further evidence of Murieta. The baptismal papers for the possible years of his birth were missing. And so were the marriage certificates for the likely years of his wedding. When I asked if I could see the priest about the missing papers, he politely refused to see me. When I asked the old porter, he merely shrugged.

It suddenly became evident that written history of the past can be unwritten by the memories of the living who find it embarrassing or disturbing. It was not that anyone was lying about the past. They were simply protecting it.

With no documentation of his life and activities, Murieta became a fantasy figure. Countless stories of his exploits have created a fairy tale in which he is at times a "murderous robber," at others a Robin Hood. If not the impossibility, then the difficulty of making the distinction between fiction and actuality occurred to me when I climbed into the mountains of Mexican Sonora in search of Murieta's lost grave.

Folklore supports the almost-religious belief that Murieta escaped his "beheader." He fled from California, it says, and lived to a happy old age in the remote mountains of Sonora. Eye-witness evidence, letters of officials, and rumors among mountain villagers, all insist that Murieta ranched in Arizpe and was buried in Cucurpe. So, I decided to go there.

There was no road. There was merely a trail that led up a dry wash of a desert riverbed which was strewn with huge rocks and the carcasses of fallen trees; it was crossed by four dozen washes and swirls of quicksand; it was so rough a drive that the gas tank of my Volvo was reduced by one-fourth and the thirty-mile journey took me three hours.

Up and down the mountainous valleys, deeper into history, I drove. I had no way of knowing where I was going. Once in a while I passed a hut made of cactus. Nothing more. By the riverbed, at one moment, two vaqueros came out of the mesquite underbrush, sitting on their horses, rifles across their laps. Perhaps they were awed or dumbfounded at the sight of a loco gringo, me, who was driving where no cars had gone before. They saluted me.

I came finally to a green valley in the mountains. Men were ploughing with wooden sticks as they had done hundreds of years ago, and women were washing clothes on the rocks of a mountain stream. One of the farmers came over to me and asked what I wanted. Why had I come? When I told him of my search for the grave of Murieta, the *bandito de California*, his entire face smiled. "El Pistolero!" he exclaimed as though he had been expecting me. "Aqui!" It is here.

In that village of no more than thirty houses, the people who, I think, were Opata Indians treated me to too much pulque, a native drink with the intoxicating aroma of gasoline. When, at dusk, one old man offered me two burros for my Volvo, I knew the time had come to get to the point of my visit. And so I asked to be shown the grave of Murieta, if he was indeed buried there.

The villagers led me to the crest of a hill. On that desolate site were the ruins of an old Jesuit mission church, and nearby was an abandoned cemetery. One man pointed to a grave that was unmarked except for a heap of stones. "El Pistolero!" he said. "Aqui! Aqui!" And when I asked him how he knew that this was really the grave of Murieta he grinned and intoned:

When the owl hoots
The Indian dies
This may not be true
But it happens.

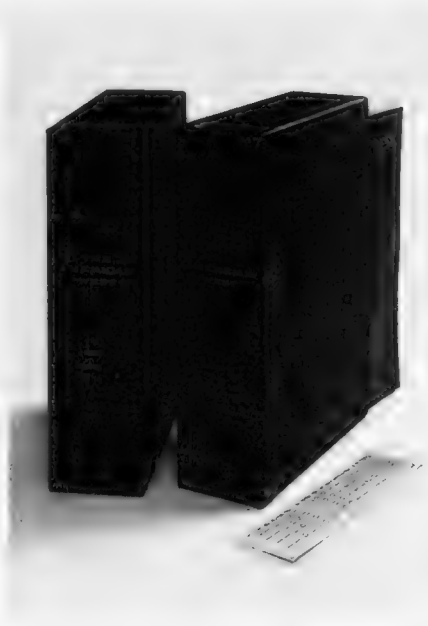
AW

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Literature on Murieta ought to be read more for its clues than its facts. The official documents have to be balanced with a view of the strong biases of the times. Of the historical romances on the subject, these are best known: Yellow Bird (John Rollin Ridge), *The Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta* (1955); Walter Noble Burns, *The Robin Hood of El Dorado* (1932); Ireneo Paz, translated by Frances P. Belle, *Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murrieta* (1937). The historical background may be found in: Charles Howard Shinn, *Mining Camps* (1884 and 1965); T. R. Stoddart, *Annals of Tuolumne County* (1861 and 1963); James Carson, *Early Recollections of the Mines* (1852). Most useful, perhaps, are the local historical publications: William B. Secrest, *Joaquin, Bloody Bandit of the Mother Lode* (1967); Margaret H. Lang, *Early Justice in Sonora* (1963); Mary E. Crosley, *Hornitos* (1955); Robert Greenwood, ed., *The California Outlaw* (1960); California Police Gazette, *The Brigand Chief of California* (1859 and 1932).

Stan Steiner'*s book* The Ranchers *has recently been published (see review in our November/December 1980 issue). He has just finished* Dark and Dashing Horsemen, *a history of western horsemanship beginning with the Old Testament.*

In THE AMERICAN WEST for November/December 1980, ownership of Charles Deas's *The Death Struggle* should have been attributed to the Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, Vermont; ownership of Deas's *A Group of Sioux* should have been attributed to the Amon Carter Museum, Forth Worth, Texas. Also, the latter painting was reproduced in reverse. THE AMERICAN WEST sincerely regrets these errors.



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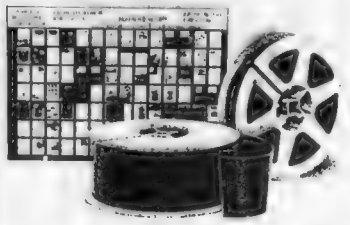

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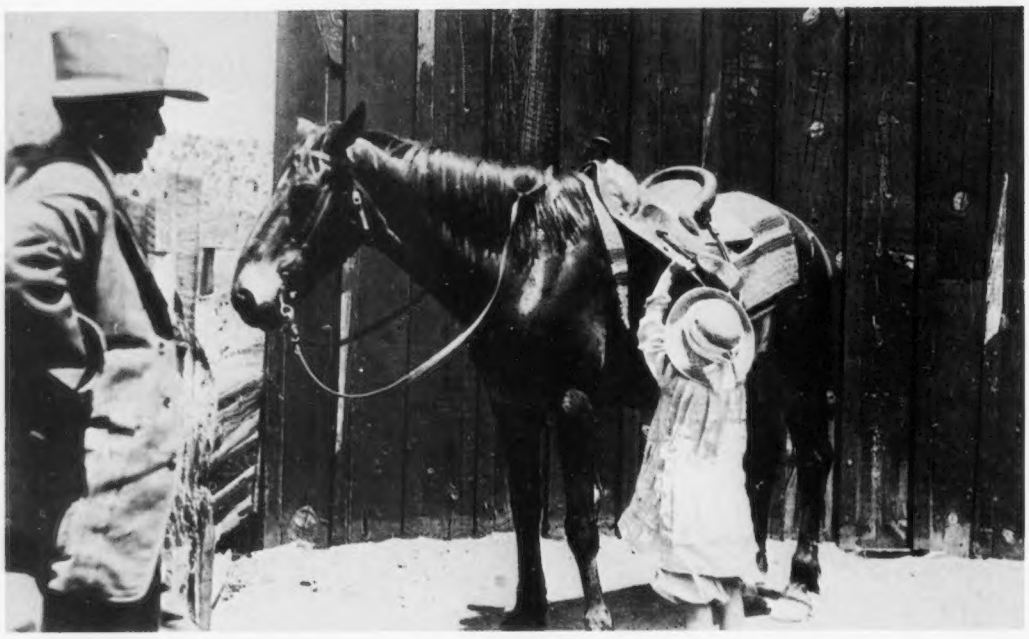

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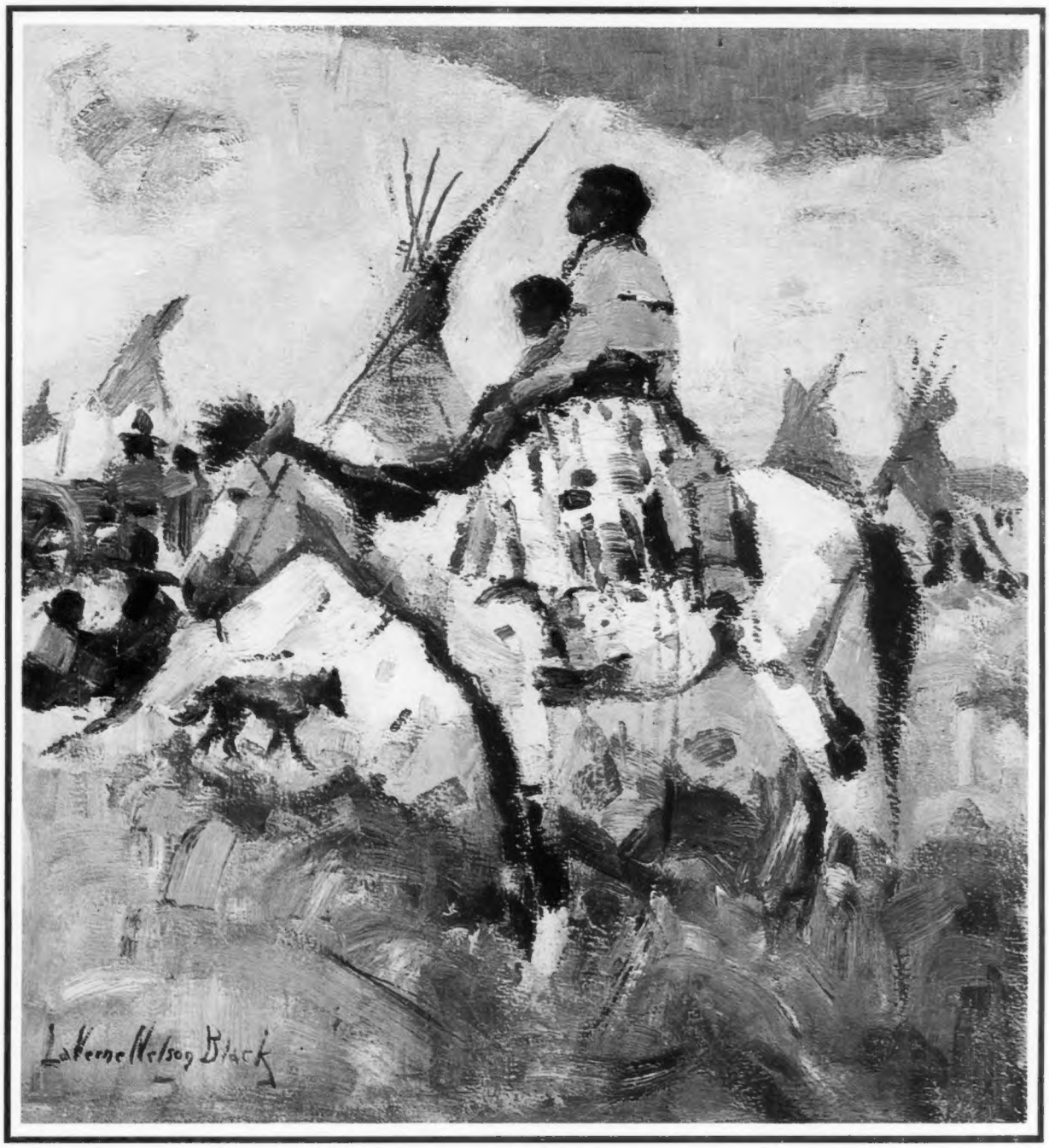

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